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long, more or less serpent-shaped, being with pointed snout and tail, and with a horn or two horns in its forehead. It lives in its lodge under water, is occasionally seen, snatches bathers or swimmers, and carries them down to its underwater dwelling. Drowned persons are supposed to go to or to be captured and held by the water monster in the after-life. The people made offerings to the water monster or to its youngest offspring, the Last Child (see p. 15), when crossing rivers and on other occasions.

There is a close connection between Bha'a the Thunderbird on the one hand, and these water and earth monsters on the other, but they are quite distinct. During storms the Thunderbird may strike a monster and carry it away as game food up into the clouds to its own mountain-top nest. There is no explicit note of hostility toward the monster.

The following story may illustrate ways of the water monster and the Thunderbird's habit of preying on the water or earth monsters."

When The Boy's father, Lame Bull, was a young man, in the 1840's, three young Gros Ventre younger than Lame Bull,—two of them relatives of Lame Bull,—had gone on a war party down toward the Yellowstone River. The Boy told the story: "They ran before the oncoming storm to take refuge among the rocks on a knoll. When they got within about 100-150 yards of the knoll, lightning struck. All three lost consciousness for a moment and, when they came to, were facing the opposite way. They turned around to go to the rocks on the knoll. As they did so, they saw a cloud right over the knoll and heard a noise as of a struggle going on in the clouds. The cloud started to rise and as it left the ground they could see something hanging down from the cloud, with its head in the cloud. As the cloud went up higher, they could see that the something was some kind of monster, with colors like a snake and striped. The cloud rose higher and higher, seeming to be taking a great monster out of the knoll. Finally the lower end of the monster came into view, struggling as it were. The struggling monster was immense, snake-like in build

" Cf. also Kroeber, 1908, pp. 278-80.

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with a tapering tail. The cloud kept going straight up, the three young men waited until it had disappeared from sight up in the sky and wondered where it was taking the monster. Then they looked toward the spot out of which the monster had been pulled and they saw smoke and blue flame there and smelt a bad odor. They tried to coax themselves to walk up close to the spot and get a good look at it. But one of them said: 'Don't go. Something might happen to you. You can go if you wish. I'm going way round this spot.' He left and the others later joined him without going close to the spot."

Singer had heard the following story and knew the principal actor. "Some men on a war party went to a stream and noticed that the water was disturbed by something rolling,—a water monster with a horn in the middle of its head. All were scared except one, who said: 'I am scared of nothing. That is why I came on a war party.' He shot the monster right in the forehead and it whirled like a top. They took it out of the water. It had one horn. They thought it was the being who owned the stream. The others in the party thought this deed would shorten the brave killer's life. But he lived to be a real old man."

Cora mentioned the following incident: "My uncle on one occasion went out hunting for game in the Sweet Grass Hills. A violent storm arose and while he was loading the meat on the horses, lightning struck close by. The people say that the thunder pulls big 'bugs' called thunder bugs out of the earth or water. My uncle saw this bug as it came out and went wriggling up and up, until finally he could not see it any longer. You can see the holes in the earth from which the thunder bugs come."

Coming Daylight told of her own experience: "After a storm, the people used to go out and look for traces and I once saw one of these ditches. The thunder is supposed to be some kind of a big bird and it goes way up on top of the highest peak to eat these bugs it pulls out of the ground. The old-timers saw one place where the thunderbird had eaten one of these 'worms' and there was nothing but the bones of a great big 'bug' lying there [fossil vertebrate remains?]."

"A water monster was once seen in the Milk River by a small

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boy. He was so scared, he went insane and died in a few days," according to The Boy. 776 539

One story we gathered is about a very big rattlesnake, "as big as a person," big enough to eat a human being and leave only the skeleton. It had a large shining horn. Where it traveled it made a great bare trail like a modern road. It was horned, but was not of the water or earth monster "species." It was shot dead by a young man whom it had molested with murderous design while he was out in the hills crying and sleeping to obtain supernatural power.

In one story, the following, told by Singer, it is not clear whether there is question of a gigantic horned snake or of an earth monster proper.

"Near the head of Snake Butte there is a big cleft which runs all the way to the bottom. The cleft is said to have been made by lightning striking there. My husband Ax Handle [Assiniboine] was there and looked. He thought he saw something and looked again. It was a great big snake with a horn on the top of its head. He was scared and ran away." [823]

A somewhat conspicuous, though very human, role in Gros Ventre ritual and thought was played by the Last Child, idą:sθa, (itasé, "lastly," itasünna, "last;" -tha, "child" [Sifton]; apparently meaning "last child born in a family"). He was the little water snake, offspring of the water monster who figured in the story of He-who-starved-to-death (see No. 5 in Appendix). The Last Child had power in water, sharing to an undefined subordinate degree in the power of his father, the water monster, who was ruler under the water. He, alone or together with his father, was prayed to or given offerings, when the Gros Ventres had to cross rivers or lakes or when they swam or bathed in rivers or pools, lest they drown or be snatched down by the water monster. Early in World War II when a batch of Gros Ventre recruits was about to leave for overseas duty in the Pacific he was prayed to to protect them in crossing the ocean. In praying with a pipe, the Gros Ventres always held it up first to the Supreme Being, but lastly down to the Last Child. In food offerings, the Last Child was invited, last in order, to partake. In the sweat lodge he was mentioned 776 776 782 [484] 776

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Child, and made offering of tobacco and food to earth. Al Chandler explained: "The earth is put in because that is where your living is. You get everything from the earth, fruit, animals, everything to live on, and get everything you eat from there," although ultimately it is the Supreme Being who owns and gives everything. We got one passing casual reference to "mother earth" by Mary Ereaux, and another by Tom Main to earth as being a "spirit" and having a "special keeper," but obtained no later confirmation of or detailed information on these points. In general, earth seems to have played a quite subordinate role in Gros Ventre religious thought and ritual. 776 823

The sun was appreciably more prominent, ranking according to some informants next to the Supreme Being, and mentioned as "The One Traveling," or "Passing or Traveling Man" immediately after him in prayers. Another current seems to have assigned a much lower relative rank to the sun, and mentioned sun and moon together, as "Those-who-follow-each-other," and after the Supreme Being and the Four Holy Old Men. In any case the sun was in no sense identified with the Supreme Being, but was his property, work and servant, far below him in dignity, and had not anything like the religious predominance it had in such tribes as the neighboring Blackfoot. The sun did not enter at all into the so-called "Sun Dance" of the Gros Ventres, nor into the Feathered Pipe rite. Prayers and food were offered to the sun, and the sun was invited to sweat in the sweat lodge rite along with but subordinately to the Supreme Being. Individuals would offer a finger joint or bits of their flesh to the sun on such occasions as the grave illness of a relative. While the sun "sees everything, that's why the Supreme Being put it there," the Supreme Being, not the sun, was appealed to as witness in oaths; the widespread American Indian oath formula, "The sun sees me," was not used. 776 821 [755] [695]

The sun and moon were, according to myth, brothers from the same mother, but were never human beings proper, though they married, the one a frog woman and the other a human female. According to one story, the sun regularly appeared in battle as a man riding a white horse who scared and helped either the Gros [773] 776 821 539

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Ventres or the enemy. According to another, the sun on one occasion delivered seven Gros Ventre men, to be killed by the Crow, into the hands of a Gros Ventre woman captured by the Crow, so the woman claimed. Apart from the incidental inclusion of the moon, bracketed with the sun, in prayers and in invitations to sweat as above stated, there was no specific independent moon cult and in no case, according to our informants, were sacrifices ever made to the moon. Nor, so far as we could discover, was there any star cult, though the stars, or some of them such as those constituting the Great Dipper, the Pleiades, the Bear were seemingly looked upon as in some sense "spirits" or personal beings. In the archaic era, before the flood and Ni·hohat, people used to go in the morning to get fire from the morning star, "the cross," just as in modern times the old people used to go in the morning to get a live coal from a neighbor's hearth instead of using matches. The morning star served also as a "clock." When people were planning to get up unusually early in the morning they would be guided by its position in the heavens. Someone in the lodge would be told: "Go out and see if the cross is up yet."

Among the beings involved in prayers and invited to sweat, after the Supreme Being, were the "Four Old Men," currently referred to by English-speaking Gros Ventres as the "Four Holy Old Men." According to Singer and Coming Daylight there were also, it appears, "Four Old Women," but this statement was not independently confirmed by other informants.

Very little is known about these Four Old Men. The Boy had more than once asked his father about them, but Lame Bull could only say that the Gros Ventres were taught by Ni·hohat to call on them in praying and sweating but that the people did not know who they are. They lived in the very beginning of things, but whether before or after the flood, is not quite clear. They were not human beings. Gros Ventre belief does not associate them with the four winds or cardinal directions, but, vaguely, with the sacred number four, the four "ridges" or stages of full human life, and the four great floods or other great catastrophes or revolutions, of which the first was the primeval flood, that are to occur,

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In general, apart from the ghost helper and gambling power complexes, to be described later, no cult of ghosts existed, and no prayers or food or other offerings were made to them. Ghosts of those who had committed unjustified murder, as defined by the Gros Ventre code, did not go where the other souls went, but stayed where their bodies lay or wandered around and "bothered" the living. If a person suffered a stroke, a ghost, apparently of a murderer, was thought to have caused it and to have twisted the victim's face or mouth and pulled the eyelid down.

Ghosts "bothered" the living in less serious ways, appearing in the shadow and disappearing, whistling, playing tricks, in more recent times rapping on windows, and so forth. The two following stories, told by The Boy in light vein and laughingly, illustrate ghostly ways.

"A war party of brave Gros Ventres started out.[24] Toward evening they came to a timbered stream and made a lodge of willows near a good-sized tree, not knowing that a couple had been buried there. After a good meal, they were singing and enjoying themselves, when they heard someone hollering far off. The hollering kept coming closer and closer to their camp until it got very near. One of the men said: 'We had better start up a fire.' Before anyone got up to fetch wood, wood began being thrown into the tepee. This kept up until the tepee was so loaded up with wood that they were crowded out. They then started to carry the wood out of the tepee. One man remarked: 'I never heard of a ghost killing anybody.' Then they heard the ghost laughing a little distance off. One of the men shot toward the spot from which the laughing was coming, but the ghost laughed all the more. All the men then got back inside the tepee, and one of them said: 'I'll get some wood and we'll make some tea.' A good fire was started, and the old fellows prayed with the pipe. The ghost was meanwhile moving the embers away to keep the fire from burning. Before the snow was fetched to be melted, snow fell from the open center top of the tepee and put the fire out. At this they got scared and said: 'Let's move from here.'

[24] In 1948 The Boy remarked that this happened in Lame Bull's life time; and that the ghost referred to in the story is the kind known as tsë:k. [R.F.]

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All of them, bunched close together, ran away, and they could hear the ghost laughing. They shot at it but it laughed all the more. When they got a good distance from their camping spot, they could still hear the ghost laughing behind them, and it only quit bothering them when they got far away. Whenever a war party came close to this spot, it would be bothered by that ghost, whose name was 'Hole-through-his-penis.' So the Gros Ventres quit camping there."

The second illustration was given as follows: "On one occasion, during the lifetime of Lame Bull (The Boy's father), a number of Gros Ventres went off on a war party and camped at an old abandoned winter camp on the Missouri River. They made a shelter frame of old tent and travois poles. One of the men went out some distance, gathered wood and lit a fire and started to cook meat. The night was very dark. Something started throwing sticks at him every now and then. He thought to himself: 'My friends are trying to test my courage,' and paid no attention. The sticks began coming too frequently. He said to them: 'You better quit throwing at me. You might hurt me. You can't scare me.' They said: 'We're not throwing at you.' The sticks came faster. So he ran back to the shelter where the others were, rushed in and hid behind the leader of the war party. They all got scared then and piled up in a struggling heap close to the leader until he was pinned under them. 'Let me up,' he said, 'I'll see what is scaring you and deal with that thing.' The ghost poked in a cross piece of a travois and scattered their fire. While still piled up in a heap they heard a voice laughing outside and seeming to go away. They at last got straightened out and fixed up the fire, but still could hear the ghost laughing. One of the men, Chief Grass, said: 'I'm going to kill that ghost.' He then rolled some buffalo hair around the head of an arrow, singed it a little and spat on it,—his way, it was believed, of using his power. He then shot the arrow in the direction where the laughing could still be heard. The voice was at once silenced, and they were not bothered any more that night. 'I believe I killed that ghost.' Chief Grass said, 'at daylight, I'll look around.' The next morning they looked around and found a bleached human skull with the arrow of

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[539] Chief Grass in one of the eye sockets. So it was always thought that he had killed that ghost."

There was a considerable fear of these bad ghosts who "bothered" or even seriously harmed human beings. Certain other ghosts were merely "earthbound," that is, they lingered around or came back because they were fond of their belongings—clothing, footwear, and so forth—which were buried with them. Such earthbound ghosts did no harm to human beings and were not supposed to be feared.[28]

Singer, then married to Crooked Arm, told of an occasion on which she ran away from her home. She wandered around at random and happened to stop at the spot where her sister was buried, and heard a voice [presumably her sister's] saying: "Just lie quiet. They are all looking for you." She did so, apparently without fear.

One informant, Al Chandler, narrated certain experiences of his early childhood and boyhood that suggest a somewhat deviant attitude toward ghosts. When he was about four years old, his mother died, and the morning after her burial he went to the grave and lay there, falling into a profound sleep. Not long after this, when his uncle died, and the body was laid on a bed in a lodge some distance off, he went to the lodge and crept under the blanket covering the body and went to sleep. Another time, while still very young, he got lost and around dark found himself at a place where there were a number of old graves. He lay down and slept the night there. These incidents were early childhood ones, when he hardly realized the meaning of death. At a later age, during his boyhood, everybody was afraid to go along a certain bit of woodland lest the ghosts bother them. Al wanted to find out for himself. So against advice of his father, and feeling a little "spooky," one night just after midnight he went through the stretch of brush and as he did so heard a sound behind him as of someone dragging a robe over gravel. Mustering up his courage he turned around quickly and saw a big old owl dragging its
[825] feathers and scarcely able to fly. When he got back home, he told his venture, and the old man [his father] laughed and said: "Owls

[28] For illustration, see Flannery, 1953, p. 203.

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"nothing compared to the Supreme Being." At an eclipse of the sun the Gros Ventres were much afraid; for they thought that the sun was covering himself and that Atsa: would come around. To ward him off on the occasion of a solar eclipse, the Gros Ventres in recent times would load their guns and shoot up in the air, and so make so much noise that he would be scared away. Then they would all laugh, feeling that they had gotten the best of him. Atsa: also functioned as a bugaboo. When Thomas Main was a boy his parents used to tell him: "If you don't behave, Atsa: will get you." Atsa: was afraid of skunks, as the Gros Ventres of several generations ago learned from the following incident, related by The Boy.[28]

"In the days of Gopher and Prairie Dog Old Man, Atsa: declared war. At that time the Gros Ventres were very numerous. There were only twelve bands but they were so big and there were so many people that when the children played around they would get lost and could not find their way home. When the crier walked around and made his announcements, after only one circle around the camp he was hoarse and was tired from walking. A large part of Gros Ventres went off on a war raid to the east to fight the Shoshoni, Assiniboine and Sioux. They got a little below the confluence of the Milk and Missouri Rivers, and saw two corpses wrapped in good blankets up in a tree. So they cut the bundles loose and dropped the bodies to the ground. The blankets, of white-man make, were a novelty to the Gros Ventres at the time. The men unwrapped the blankets and cut them up for leggings.

"That same night one of the Gros Ventres took ill. As the night wore on he got worse and worse. The men began to suspect: 'These two must have died of smallpox.' The sick man died after sun-up in the morning. They became panic-stricken. 'Sure enough,' they said, 'that's smallpox.' They decided to rush back to the main camp.

"On the way back every night one or more men died. Only a few got back alive. Most of the party died on the way back. When

[28] The incident probably is part of the tradition of the smallpox epidemic of 1780. Cf. Flannery, 1953, p. 34.

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539 the survivors reached home and told their story, the people were excited. The old people said: 'That is a bad sickness. It all but kills off the tribe once it starts.' The criers announced to the people: 'Scatter in all directions. That is the only way to combat this sickness.' So the bands scattered in all directions. A lot of the people died, some even before camp was broken.

"One band went up Milk River. One man of this band who had a big family studied what he should do. He decided to go off secretly from his band. He had plenty of meat, as it was in the fall. So he sneaked away unnoticed with his family, went up the Milk River looking for the thickest patch of brush and trees he could find, and there pitched his camp. The next spring, the survivors of this man's band, which had wintered around the Sweet Grass Hills, decided that the sickness was over, and that Atsa: must be in a good humor again and had left them. The survivors went looking for the rest of the Gros Ventres, so they packed up and left their camp, where in many lodges all the inmates were dead. They made their way toward the place where the Marias and Teton Rivers empty into the Missouri. As they went along they found some whole camps wiped out by smallpox, other camps with just a few lodges with some survivors. These survivors would then join them. At last they reached the Marias and decided to camp there and send scouts around to look for the other survivors.

"A group of young men acting as scouts went down the river to its confluence with the Missouri and ran onto a camp where they saw someone walking around in front of a lodge. As soon as this person saw them he disappeared. They approached and looked into the lodge, but could at first see only a bunch of dead bodies in it, though the fire was burning. They then went in to investigate and found a small boy and small girl there, each living with the dead body of his and her mother. The boy and girl fought and bit like animals not to be taken away. The young men saw the places where the boy and girl had been sleeping beside the bodies of the dead mothers. They saw also a bear that lived in this lodge and fed on the corpses. They looked in other lodges and found that the bear must have lived there too on the dead bodies. It had not eaten of the supply of meat which was still untouched.

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"The young men then took the boy and girl back to camp where some families took them and tamed them down. The young men kept scouting for survivors along the Missouri River and on both sides of the Bear Paw Mountains but could find none. All the living then moved to the north end of the Bear Paws and camped. They decided to stay there and wait. Most of the Gros Ventre camps had been entirely wiped out. The survivors felt bad about it, but there was plenty to eat. They had taken along with them the meat supplies of the deceased victims. It was now far along in spring and they thought the danger was over.

"The man who had spent the winter in the thick timber now decided to move around and look for his people. He started toward Marias River and found the other Gros Ventre survivors' camp north of the Bear Paws. The man, his wives and all their children had come through the epidemic without sickness. The people asked the father: 'How did you escape getting sick?' He replied: 'Just by accident. I happened to kill a skunk, to windward of our camp, and just left the carcass at the spot, as I had no use for it. We were forced to smell it. In time we all got used to the stench. In the timber we felt safe from enemies and we dared not go far from camp. So we stayed there in spite of the skunk. But we were all the time worried lest the children or myself should die. As time went on and no one got sick, I laid our good fortune to the skunk carcass. I thought that Atsa: must be afraid of skunks. So I started to kill as many as I could and I hung them around in every direction, so that no matter from what quarter the wind blew we always had skunk smell. I honestly believe skunks are too much for him.' The people agreed with him, for he proved his belief by the fact that he and all his family had come back safe. Since then the Gros Ventres have known that Atsa: is afraid of skunks."[28]

Both giants and dwarfs were believed to exist. The giants were as tall as trees. When one of these got a buffalo he would stick it on his belt just as the Indian did with rabbits. The giants were

[28] The Gros Ventres know that the Cree of the Ft. Belknap area use skunk fluid for many medical purposes; the Gros Ventres however do not. In Gros Ventres lore the animal kingdom calls the skunk "Chief Stripe."

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The origin of it (or them) was attributed, somewhat tentatively and speculatively, by The Boy to pique on the part of the beaver for being left out of the Flat Pipe bundle or for other reason and hence the desire to start his own pipe and pipe rite.

The traditional origin story of the first Beaver Pipe was given as follows by Coming Daylight. "A certain man had two wives. He went out hunting and took one of his wives along. The other stayed at camp and about noon as she went to fetch water from the creek, she saw there a young man. 'I am going to marry you,' he told her. 'Where you are is not a good place, with two women to one man.' 'Let me first take this water home,' said she. 'Oh,' he said, 'don't take it all the way home, but only half way.' This she did and then followed him to his house. When he took her into his house, he turned into a beaver and told her to go into his beaver lodge.

"When the husband returned home from his hunt, he saw the filled water bucket half way to the creek, but the woman was missing. 'Somebody must have taken her,' he thought. He looked all over for her and called her, but in vain. So he went back home and told her father and mother the story that she was gone. They searched for her in different tribes but could not find her. They even checked on all the young men to see if any of them were away from home, but all were accounted for.

"After her husband and parents had searched a long time and had not found her, they began to mourn for her. The husband was crying all around on the hills. At last a spirit told him: 'Quit crying. She is not dead. Go back and camp at the same spot where she disappeared.' So he came in from the hills and invited some old men and told them what the spirit said. The old men advised him: 'Go back to the spot. This spirit may be telling the truth.'

"So he and his other wife went back to that same spot and camped. In the evening while supper was cooking they heard a

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and kind of boisterous compared to the Flat and Feathered Pipe rites of the Gros Ventres, and this appeals to many people."

In 1948 Al Chandler mentioned that Old Man Blackbird was keeper of a Beaver Pipe which had been given him by the Crow. "It was a small bundle, but they used to hang it just like the Flat and Feathered Pipes were hung, and they had a smudge and some kind of dance to go with it." [R.F.]

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noise coming into the lodge. The lost woman was looking in the door. Her husband seeing her jumped. 'Go back,' she said, 'and sit down. Don't come near me. Don't eat supper. Clean up and get sage brush and fix it nicely all around the lodge and close up all the holes. I am coming back. I just came first to tell you to clean up and fix the lodge.' So the two did as they were told and sat waiting, he at the back of the lodge and she on the east side, for the lost wife to come back.

"After a while they heard in the distance drumming and singing which kept coming closer. Then they saw the beaver husband's father coming first with the Pipe, after him the beaver husband and the woman, and last four [beaver?] beating the drum. All entered the lodge. The father then gave the Pipe to the man who had lost the one of his wives, saying: 'Here is a Pipe. Smoke it.' So the man took it and smoked it. The beaver husband's father also took this man as a son.

"The father then told two of the drummers: 'Invite the people to come into the lodge.' This they did and soon the lodge was filled with all the different animals, frog and snake and others, that live in the water. The old father then said: 'I invite you to give my son a song.'

"The frog then began to sing and as he began, a storm came with hail and the creek ran full. Next came the snake's turn, but the snake said: 'I don't know how to sing.' And the snake crawled out of the lodge, so he does not belong to this Pipe.

"The man was taught how to sing and to make smudge with sweet grass [sweet pine?], and was given back his lost wife with the admonition not to beat her and was told to go back home with her. Then the old father and the beaver husband went away, leaving the lost wife with her human husband.

"When the man got back home with his two wives and with the Pipe he had been given, everybody came to visit him. The re-found woman's brothers gave her husband two horses. They called that Pipe, Beaver Pipe, and when the man died they buried it with him. And this is why they buried owners of such pipes unless the owners when still living had transferred the pipes to someone else. This is the story we have heard from way back."

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nessed the rite about ten times, Singer who had taken part in it by giving presents, by singing, and by riding double with the men going out to look for the center pole; Mathilda Cuts-the-rope; Al Chandler, and Thomas Main. Thick's father made the last Sacrifice Dance in 1884.[10]

The origin Story of the Sacrifice Dance as told by The Boy is as follows:

"In the days when Ni:hɔhat was still around, a Gros Ventre man went out hunting in the timberland where there was a lot of trees and brush. While he was hunting he heard a noise. He listened to find the direction from which the noise was coming and then went in that direction. He sneaked around and looked from under cover. He saw a dance going on. A bunch of buffalo were dancing in a circle. He looked on a long time unseen by them. He heard the songs they were singing and learned them, and saw how everything was done. He saw a buffalo bring the other buffalo and set them in a semi-circle, and saw them sit down in a semi-circle.

"He made up his mind to approach them. So he walked over to where they were. When the leader of the buffalo, at the back of the lodge opposite the door, saw him, he invited him to come in and sit down beside him: 'Do like we are doing. Look around and see how the lodge is made. Study it and try to remember it and all the things here.' The man saw a buffalo skull alongside the center pole.

"The chief buffalo then said to him: 'I give you this lodge (dance). Use it. If in sickness or in danger the people promise they will make a Sacrifice Dance I will help them. When you implore the help of the Sacrifice Dance, it will be a powerful means to avert sickness or danger.' So the man left and went back home and related what he had seen and experienced. He is

[10] In 1948 The Boy, Charles Buckman and Steve Bradley among them were able to name 15 of the 23 Dancers whose flesh was pierced at this last Dance, as follows: Bull Head, Horse Capture (Thick's brother), Stiffarm, Wolf, Stiff Wings, Grebe Child (The Boy's brother), Arrowhead, Peter Capture, Boy Capture, Strikes On Top, Dan Sleeping Bear, Skinner, Many Capture, Stabber, Fluttering Eagle. Dan Sleeping Bear had told Charles Buckman that there had been 23 altogether. [R.F.]

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the one who introduced the Sacrifice Dance among the Gros Ventre people."

Although in the origin story, it was the chief buffalo who promised to give aid to those who would perform the Sacrifice Dance, actually the chief buffalo was not prayed to during it, nor was the sun or any other being except the Supreme Being and Bha'a. Our chief informants have considerable knowledge of the Piegan (Blackfoot), Assiniboine and Crow Sun Dances, and emphasized various important differences, as they understood them, between these dances and their own Sacrifice Dance. "These sacrifices [in the Sacrifice Dance]," Al Chandler remarked, "were made to God, not to the Sun. I have always wondered why people call our Sacrifice Dance the Sun Dance. Anything the Blackfeet cannot understand they call the Sun and think he must be something." According to The Boy and Thick, while the Blackfeet pray to the Sun and while the Assiniboine in their Sun Dance pray and sing to the Thunder Bird (corresponding to the Gros Ventre Bha'a), the Gros Ventres in their own Sacrifice Dance prayed chiefly to Ixtcibani:hohat, secondarily, as will be explained later, to Bha'a, and with some incidental mention of or appeal to the Four Holy Beings and Those-who-follow-each-other (Sun and Moon) when praying with a pipe. Vows to carry out the Sacrifice Dance were made by the Gros Ventres only to the Supreme Being; the sacrifices of property, the prayer-"sacrifices" of self-torture and fasting, and the chief verbalized and gesture prayers during the rite were likewise directed to him. Our informants consistently and insistently emphasized that the Gros Ventre Sacrifice Dance was, in this sense, a predominantly theistic ceremony.

While more generally the Sacrifice Dance was regarded as of lower ritual rank than the Flat and Feathered Pipe rites and as of higher rank than any of the other seven sacred Dances, there was some difference of view on the point among our informants. The Boy, who himself emphatically ranked Flat Pipe rite as far and away first in dignity of all Gros Ventre ceremonies, with the Feathered Pipe rite, Sacrifice Dance, and other dances following in this order of dignity, summed up the situation as follows:

"While the supreme religion of the Gros Ventres was the Flat

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One of these, the origin story of the Drum Dance, was told by him as follows:

"A long time ago the Gros Ventres (or a party of Gros Ventres) made a long journey toward the Black Hills (in South Dakota). One of the Gros Ventre men became separated from his friends, and could not find his way back to them, and so got lost on an endless plain somewhere northwest of the Black Hills. He must have had no weapons with him, for in his wanderings he had nothing to eat and was near starving to death. So he made up his mind to seek a place where he could lie down and die.

"So he came to the bed of an old dry lake and said: 'Here I will die.' He decided to die crying. So he walked around the lake bed crying. He spent four nights there. The morning after the fourth night he was still crying but was very weak. Every once in a while he lay down. On one such rest, he fell into a light slumber, not a deep sleep, and heard a crier under the lake bed announcing: 'W-e-e-e-e. What is the matter with you drum men who belong to the Drum Dance? When are you going to pity that poor man up there? Come here together.'

"Then the sleeping man heard drumming and singing. The drumming and singing seemed to be coming in his direction and when it got to where he was lying a voice said to him: 'Get up and look at the drum men.' Then he sat up. It was broad daylight and as he looked toward the direction whence the voice and drumming and singing had come, he saw two lances (or sticks), curved (crooked) around on the upper end (like a shepherd's crook), come up from the ground of the dry lake bed. Three times they came up and after each time disappeared in the ground. The fourth time they came up, there were two men carrying them. A crowd of men, walking two by two, streamed out after the two lance carriers, and two other lance bearers brought up the rear end of the line. They all marched in this formation round the dry lake bed once, clockwise, and then stopped. The one who seemed to be leader of the group then spoke to the starving man: 'Take a good look at me and us. We have pitied you. You are going to be saved and to get back home. Also we will transfer to you our drum, our lodge (dance), our power.'

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"The Gros Ventre man looked around and he saw that the two crooked sticks carried at the front of the line were wrapped around with otter skin, around which skin were tied four pieces of white rabbit skin, and at each place two eagle feathers were hanging. The sticks carried by the two rear carriers were wrapped with rabbit skin, with four pieces of otter skin tied around, and with two eagle feathers at each place where the otter skin was tied.

"Then the group started to sing and dance and to go round in a circle. This they did four times, with a rest after each circling. Then said the leader to the Gros Ventre man: 'I have told you that we have pitied you. Now I will show you the rite that belongs to our dance. You will be saved and will get home. This dance of ours can be called upon (that is, vowed) in times of great emergency, especially in times of great fear. We give you the whole thing. When you get home you can make known what you have seen and heard here. Tell the people that when they are in fear, they can call on us, on our dance, and we will help them. Besides giving you our dance, I am giving you my horses so you can get home quickly. Soon after you get home you must put up this lodge.'

"Then they danced and they taught him the rite. The leader then said to him: 'Wait here. I will go back after the horses I promised you.' Then he and the others of his group disappeared under the ground. Pretty soon the leader reappeared coming up at the same spot where he had gone under. This time he was alone, leading a big black stallion. He brought the horse to the Gros Ventre and said: 'Here is your horse. You can ride him, or else sometimes lead him. You will get home quickly and safely. This stallion has many colts. They will follow him. Do not abuse the stallion or any of his colts.[22] Ride them. You can go now.'

"So the Gros Ventre took the horse and mounted it and rode off. As he looked back he saw a big herd of horses following him. It was not long, only a few nights, before he got home, bringing the big herd of horses with him. To each Gros Ventre of the whole tribe he gave a horse. After he had rested up he did what he had

[22] That horses should never be abused or badly treated was part of the general code.

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773 been told to do and put up the Drum Dance. Thus was the Drum
539 Dance introduced among the Gros Ventres into their sacred dance system."

When Lame Bull told The Boy this story, the latter asked him: "Who was it who gave this dance and these horses?" And his [825] father answered: "The killdeer." So the Drum Dance is owned by the killdeer (*Oxyechus vociferus*).

*796 The Drum Dance ranked high in dignity among the Sacred dances. Lame Bull ranked it next after the Sacrifice Dance, and first in importance in the Drum-Dog-Kitfox-Crazy group, because, he told The Boy, the Drum Dance was "most difficult and complicated to carry out," and through it "more horses had come to the Gros Ventre tribe."

The Drum Dance was held only in fulfillment of a vow. The [801] rite lasted the customary four days and nights, with a big feast each day. The Boy was uncertain whether a sweat-lodge ceremony was held during the Drum Dance.

The chief sacred objects used in the Drum Dance were, so far [778] as we could learn, the very large drum, and the fur-wrapped crooked sticks which were carried by the dancers and which to judge from the origin story were four in number and were decorated as therein described. The dancers themselves were [302] painted yellow all over their bodies, with black dots, representing hail, from the waist up.

*796 Four of the Drum Dance songs, numbers 52-55, were recorded,
533 as sung by The Boy, who had learned them from his father, Lame Bull. There were others which The Boy did not remember, nor did he know the ritual order in which they were sung.

Two of these four songs, numbers 52 and 53, are wordless, and were sung at good-time dances during the Drum Dance. Number 53 is the song that was sung by the men marching out of the dry lake-bed when the Drum Dance was first given to the starving Gros Ventre man by the killdeer. These dancing songs were lively ones, sung to fast time.

Song number 54 is difficult to translate as the meaning of two of one of the words was unknown. The Boy ventured the conjecture that the whole wording might possibly mean: "There are

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uncle, Crow Bull, had joined it,—and Singer. According to Turn Toes the dance was probably last performed when he (born about 1860) was a little boy, too young to take part in it.

The following is the Kit-fox Dance origin story as told by The Boy:

"Long ago a Gros Ventre man was hunting kit-foxes to get their pelts for use as clothing. He sighted a kit-fox but before he could kill it it ran into its hole. The man made up his mind to nevertheless get the kit-fox. So he gathered sage and other brush and made a smudge. When the brush was smoking well, he shoved it into the kit-fox's hole and closed up the hole, in order to smoke out the kit-fox.

"Then waiting around he lay down and dozed, and while he dozed he heard singing under the ground. When the singing stopped, he woke up, and heard the kit-fox grunting. So he opened up the hole. At this the kit-fox came out, sat down at the opening of the hole, facing the Gros Ventre, and said to him: 'I am glad you have spared my children and me. You were just about to kill all of us. I am glad you pitied us. So in turn I will pity you. I will give you my lodge and you can have it ever after this. If you or anyone in the tribe is sick, make a vow to put up my lodge, and you or the other sick person will get well.'

"Then the kit-fox sang a song, one different from the song the man had heard when he was dozing. When the kit-fox had finished singing this second song it said to the Gros Ventre: 'Look at me. See how I am painted. In my lodge (dance) paint yourself the same way. When you put up this lodge, use my body.' Then the kit-fox told the man how to dress and paint in the dance and what songs to sing, and taught him all these songs. Then 'Go back,' said the kit-fox, 'to your tribe and put up this lodge. I give you this right, so you may introduce this dance into your tribe. In order to put up my lodge, a vow must first be made. But I give you the right to put up the first one, and then you can tell the story!'

"Then after the kit-fox had fully instructed the man, he did not kill that particular kit-fox but let it go and he himself went back to camp. When he got back home he told what had happened and started to get ready for the dance, gathering clothes and other

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things together, and making ready a kit-fox skin stuffed to look like a live kit-fox. This last was used in the dance. The Gros Ventre made a great impression on his tribe and his dance was accepted and recognized as a Sacred Dance, and a vow was made to perform it."

The Kit-fox Dance was held, like the other dances, in the summer time,—about August, so Charles Buckman thought,—and everyone was obliged to be on hand for it. Preliminaries might however begin far back in the preceding winter, particularly the painting and taking out of the joiner's wives by the ritual grandfathers. This latter preliminary phase of the dance seems, from Coming Daylight's report (infra), to have been very similar to a corresponding phase of the Crazy Dance, but we were able to secure only the following, rather vague, account of it as described by Coming Daylight:

"In the Kit-fox Dance the wives had to go out with their 'grandfathers' just as in the Crazy Dance. My uncle, Crow Bull, once joined it with his Assiniboine wife, Coming Day, and it took a long time. The 'grandfathers' used to take extra long [in preparation for] for this dance and, if the [preparatory] time was winter, they made nice places, brushing the snow away, where they would lie down with their ceremonial grandfathers. The 'granddaughters' would go to their 'grandfathers' ' lodges and then the 'grandfathers' would take them out, and the 'grandsons' would be painted. The 'grandsons' would have so to go for a long time, from winter to spring, to their 'grandfathers,' before actually joining the dance. So Crow Bull would go with his wife to his 'grandfather's' lodge to get instructions and each time he would be painted and the 'grandfather' would take Crow Bull's wife out and brush away the snow and lie with her."

Besides the stuffed kit-fox skin mentioned in the origin story above, the Kit-fox Dance paraphernalia included two crooked sticks, used when dancing. These were shaped like a shepherd's crook or hockey stick, with strips of little otter skin carefully wrapped around them "all the way down" and with eagle-tail feathers tied to them here and there. The wrapping had to be done in a certain way, and only by a brave warrior. These sticks

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ashamed. When the dance was over, the people moved to old haunts north of the Bear Paws, and then to the west of Three Buttes, and camped. The young man dressed, got on his horse and rode completely around the camp circle, singing the death-song.[8] A little later they moved to right near the Bear Paws. Here they camped and met a large Piegan war party, and had a fight. The pitched battle took place in the open plain. This young fellow fixed up and got on his horse, and was among the last arrivals. He rode headlong into the thick of the battle and all the Piegan shot at him, but they all missed and he came out unharmed to their rear. At this he wheeled his horse around, and charged right back. This time the Piegan got him and knocked him off his horse. A big crowd of them surrounded him and when the Gros Ventres got to him only his torso remained. The Gros Ventres afterwards said that he should not have ridden back the second time, that once would have been enough to satisfy for the death-song he had sung. But he had done it out of disgrace and shame he felt for not having anything to give his grandfather at the Kit-fox Dance. All this was in recent times."

Dog Dance

The name of this dance was hotabyao'wa, "dog lodge." The dance had disappeared before 1874, the date of The Boy's birth. But his father had joined it and both Coming Daylight and Singer had witnessed it, the latter when still a little girl. The last Gros Ventre celebration of it took place in Canada, according to Coming Daylight,—sometime between about 1865 and 1874. Our information on it, derived mostly from The Boy, who got his knowledge of it from his father, Lame Bull, with a few sparse data from Coming Daylight and Singer, is even more fragmentary than that on the Drum Dance. The origin story of the Dog Dance was given us by The Boy as follows:

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"A long time ago the Gros Ventres were camped at a certain spot and a young Gros Ventre man fell asleep some distance away from the camp. When he woke up the camp had moved. The young

[8] See Flannery, 1953, p. 92.

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man followed their trail. After a while he saw something ahead of him also following the trail. When he got near it he saw it was a dog, and when he caught up with the dog he saw that it was an old, toothless, lame, sorefooted dog, and it whined as he caught up with it.

"The young man pitied the poor old dog and said to it: 'All right. You follow me. I'll travel with you.' So they went along. But the dog could not walk fast enough to keep up with the young man. He then lifted it up on his back and carried it, and whenever he got tired he unloaded the dog and they both rested. Finally he got to the Gros Ventre camp and there he brought the dog to his lodge and fed and took care of it.

"Then the Gros Ventres moved camp again when the young fellow was away and asleep, and he let them move and then followed carrying the dog, and he rested from time to time as he had done the first time. Then a third time all this happened, and a fourth time.

"This last and fourth time, as the young man was carrying the dog he came to a high ridge and when he got up on top of it he saw the Gros Ventre camp some distance away, and he thought: 'Here is a good place to rest.' So the young man let the dog down, rested and fell asleep. The dog slept near the young man's head, instead of near his feet.

"While the young man was asleep he heard the dog singing. The dog when it had finished singing spoke to him: 'You have done me a great favor. I am very grateful to you for pitying me and taking care of me. So I am going to repay you and pity you by giving you my lodge (dance). Look at me. I am an old dog. I will give you age. You will live long and get to look old, as I look. You will be a renowned outstanding man among your own Gros Ventre people and among all other peoples around them. I give you my coat. You must wear it when you put up my lodge. This will be part of my rite. When my lodge is put up one man shall wear my coat and he must be the most renowned man in the tribe.'

"The dog then sang a song and at the end of it howled, and then said to the young man: 'When in war you get in a tight situation,

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if you sing this song, you will be saved.' After that the dog taught the young man other songs which ended with a bark instead of a howl. And then the dog after having taught him all about the rite, said to him: 'Put up the lodge, just as I have told you, as soon as possible and introduce it into the Gros Ventre tribe. When anybody gets scared or sick or in any other emergency, make a vow and put up my lodge.'

"And so the Dog Lodge (Dance) was accepted by the Gros Ventre tribe and every once in a while would be put up in fulfillment of a vow."[27]

We could obtain very little information on the Dog Dance rite beyond that contained in or hinted at in the origin story. Our meager data add only few minor items to Kroeber's much fuller account of the Dog Dance.[28]

The coat or shirt referred to therein was "made from curly-haired dogs" and was given to an outstanding warrior—whether as a more or less permanent possession, or only for the duration of the rite, is not clear. The one who wore it during the dance was called tsetcane·hi, a word having reference to "curly."[29] Coming Daylight readily recognized the shirt figured by Kroeber[30] and stated that its owner was Ice, also called Bill Jones. According to The Boy, Bull Robe[31] too, "the greatest warrior by far of his day," once owned a [or the] Dog Dance shirt, sang the first Dog Dance song (with the howl at the end) wearing the shirt, and on one occasion of extreme emergency had it with him and was the only one of his party who was saved.[32]

Of the various songs proper to the Dog Dance we could record only one, a wordless one, number 58, sung by The Boy. In the Dog Dance the first song sung was the one ending in a howl, and

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[27] Cf. shorter version in Kroeber, 1907, p. 111; also idem, 1908, p. 252.

[28] Kroeber, 1908, pp. 252-58.

[29] Kroeber, 1908, p. 252, mentions two such dancers referred to as "shaggy dogs."

[30] Kroeber, 1908, p. 255, fig. 38.

[31] Kroeber, 1908, pp. 204-16, Bull Robe's narrative.

[32] In 1948 The Boy stated that the shirt was worn by the principal vower of the Dance and kept by him until the Dance was vowed by another, in which case the shirt would be "transferred" to the new vower. [R F.]

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was, but he told Gambler afterwards: 'I could not stand that kind of thing!' X went home as Gambler had predicted and when Gambler went to X's house the next morning for the milk bucket, there was X. X would never tell what really happened that night." The Boy commented, "X was not the only one [quester on mountain top] who ran away; others did;" and added parenthetically, "No one has ever been able to spend the first night on Chief Mountain in Glacier National Park." 787

One legendary narrative we gathered,—"just an old time story" the narrator, Coming Daylight, called it,—was well calculated to put fear into questers. 787 539

"A certain young man slept out on the hills and he cried and cried. He had a shelter and went to sleep in it. While he slept a big snake came from the south to west all around where he slept. The snake ate up the young man and left only the bones. Where the snake had come from it had made a bald path with no grass at all, just like a rock.

"This young man had told his friend: 'Come tomorrow and bring me a pipe.' The next afternoon his friend came and saw the snake track and got scared. From outside the shelter he called to his friend. Getting no answer he went in. There he saw the skeleton. So he called out yelling for the young man's people. Everybody came, and the young man's folks especially were scared when they saw the snake's track. When the young man's folks saw the skeleton they started to mourn. His friend took a quilt, wrapped up the bones in it, and carried them home. The people had a hard time to quiet the parents.

"So the friend said: 'I will go and sleep there tonight and I'll carry a gun.' So he went to the place, and in the evening he started to cry and cry. At night when he was crying and crying, he lay in the bed but did not go to sleep. He had his gun ready.

"After a while he heard a great big noise, like a big rattle. It sounded scary. The snake came in the same track. When it got to the door, it kind of lifted up the rock and threw it aside. It had a big shiny horn and sort of blinded the friend, and its eyes were yellow shiny, and it was a great big snake. It was as big as a human being and its rattler was great big. When it knocked the

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door down, the man shot it. It just writhed and he emptied his whole gun on it.

"He stayed there until the morning. In the morning he started to holler for the people. They saw this big snake and burned it up. They thought this man very brave."

Of equal importance with isolation was concentration of thought. "If," said The Boy, "while on the mountain top the quester was thinking about his wife or about other affairs, he would get nothing [no power] for he did not have his mind on it —If a person is playing cards he must keep his mind on playing else he will not win. In like manner, when a man was fasting out on a mountain he had to concentrate his mind on what he was after—He went there to pray, to ask for help for something above the human."

The first ritual act after arrival at the mountain top was the prayer with the pipe. This rite was described by The Boy and Thick as follows: "When a Gros Ventre went out in the mountains to seek power he always took along a pipe to use in prayer. He asked from above that the being who owned the mountain or hilltop would be commanded to grant this power. He took the pipe along to pray to the Supreme Being,—it was the idea that the Supreme Being ruled everything but his ruling was systematic or by plans. He seemed to believe that there were lesser beings who sort of managed [ruled] details of the whole situation. He [the quester] would start out, in his very first prayer [by praying] to the Supreme Being asking the granting of his petition, so that the one to whom he went, the one who owned or lived in the hill would be sort of forced or commanded to grant the power that was being requested. The pipe was first offered, with the stem pointing upward to the Supreme Being. Then the quester lit it and blew the smoke upward [toward the Supreme Being] and afterwards downward to the Last Child. But there was no comparison between the up and the down prayer. He held the stem pointing downward to the Last Child to give him a smoke. The Last Child was of the order of the killdeer [vastly inferior to the Supreme Being]. After giving the smoke to the Last Child in a sort of important way, he would offer the pipe to the hill, with the stem pointing not

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Being. The things asked for in the prayer would differ according to the occasion.

At the elaborate naming feast at which Flannery was adopted and given her name the following two prayers offered by The Boy who was in charge of the ceremony may serve as examples of these longer solemn prayers of which we are here speaking. As The Boy makes it a practice to plan carefully whatever he intends to utter in public, we may be reasonably sure that he had given much thought ahead of time to the form and content of these two prayers.

Before partaking of the lunch which was an integral feature of the naming rite, The Boy took a piece of bread and standing held it aloft while he prayed as follows before depositing a bit of the bread in each of the four corners of the stage of the community hall where the rite was held:

"Supreme Being, look down upon us as we sit here today. We are going to eat of the food which you gave to us. We are glad. We are thankful for this gift of food that we are going to eat. Whenever we, your children, displease you and do things contrary to your law, forgive us for these, we pray you. Also look down upon us here today as we sit together and help us to successfully portray our poor life which you have allowed us to live by for so many ages. We have reached the end of that long trail of life that you have allowed us to live by, and bowing to your will we accept the conditions of today, different as they may be from yesterday, because this is your will. And in your mercy and consideration for our conducted [sic] life and assistance, give us food, give us breath, so that we may live out our lives according to your plan. And protect, watch over our loved ones who are participating and fighting in a terrible war,[4] so that they may come back to us safe and unhurt, so that once more they may set their feet upon the soil of their birthplace. This is their heritage."

After lunch and some smoking and chatting The Boy called all to order. Then, seated, he held a pipe stem pointed upward and finally downward and prayed:

"Master of All, of the above and of the below and of the entire

[4] This refers to the many Gros Ventre young men then, 1945, in the armed forces while World War II was still going on.

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universe, and you the Four Old Men, here is a pipe that we are inviting you to place [take? accept?] and look upon our gathering here today. We, your poor creatures, are desperately trying to carry on and preserve, as one of our traditions, this way [with a pipe] of drawing your attention and your ear. Even though we are old and are reaching and going rapidly towards the sunset of our lives, help us to finish our lives so that we may die of old age. We ask you to look down upon White Shield [Cooper]. In your mercy have consideration for his welfare. Restore him to full health, so that he too may live out his life in good health and peace of heart and mind with us and that he may complete the great work of recording the history of the life of the Gros Ventres and that it may be a true record of that former life and that it may be worthy to be taken in as an annal of history. Then we ask you too to look down upon this white woman [Flannery] who is the representative of White Shield. They together have made possible one portion [of the food] so necessary to make this gathering a success. We ask that these two, White Shield and this woman, may live out their lives with us, and that this white woman in particular may successfully record that portion of the history of the old Gros Ventres that she has been assigned to do and that during her stay [here] so far from her home she may enjoy health, happiness and peace and that she may arrive back safe to her home. And you, the Last Child, of whom it is said to be revealed to us that you have control of the water, look upon our sons and grandsons [those in the armed services in World War II] who are far from home today and who are going to the far corners of the earth over water, fighting to maintain this way of life, protect them when they go over the water so that they may come back home safe."

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After this prayer the pipe was passed around ceremonially. Thomas Main, who translated the prayer, which like the preceding one was said by The Boy in Gros Ventre, explained that after mentioning the Four Old Men The Boy had left out He Who Starved To Death who ordinarily was addressed after the Four in Flat Pipe rites. "He, while a great human being, was only a human being and so on a history-making occasion like this one his name was not invoked."

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This last prayer was said while World War II was still in progress. After it was over and the Gros Ventre young men had returned from service in the armed forces, a very solemn ritual opening of the Flat Pipe was held, on February 6, 1946,—at which unfortunately neither of us could be present. The School Sisters of St. Francis, however, who teach the elementary and secondary grades at the Mission of St. Paul, Hays, were present and took careful notes of the proceedings which they afterwards wrote up and hectographed. Early in the rite, before actually opening the Flat Pipe bundle, The Boy, who had charge of the ceremony, held up a pipe and prayed in Gros Ventre as follows, the prayer being translated for the Sisters by Thomas Main and being preceded by a brief explanatory word by The Boy:

"I will now speak in the first person and give you a prayer [such as] our Gros Ventre forefathers prayed in times of distress to the Turtle who reposes in this [Flat Pipe] bundle and to the Maker of the earth:

"Supreme Being, look down upon me, a poor mortal person, as I pray to You, and appeal to You, in this time of great distress and disturbance among your children, the peoples of this earth.

"I pray to You, a poor and lowly Indian, in the spirit and way that my ancestors prayed to You. I ask that the fires of hatred subside among all men, and that they may now love one another and understand that they are all brothers and must share the handiwork of Your hand, creation, the universe, and all nature. I ask that You may inspire the representatives of the peoples of the earth who are now engaged in a most difficult task, the framing of the terms of peace, so that it may be just and lasting.

"Supreme Being, I asked You to watch over and take care of my grandchildren, the young men of the Indian people, as they went off to all the corners of the earth to fight in the greatest war and conflict of all time for the cause of freedom and liberty, and now that they are back safe to those near and dear to them I feel that You have listened to and granted my prayer. Now, My Father, I ask you again to give to my grandchildren, the veterans of the great war just ended, peace of mind, happiness, good health, and a long life. And that they enjoy the soil of their birth and the land

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of our ancestors, and that they may gain inspiration from our legends, traditions and heritages and the history of the world that repose in this bundle of the Flat Pipe as the Indian race understands your creation of the world. So that my grandchildren may learn to have that strong character possessed by our ancestors and their utmost sincerity of purpose of [and?] the true philosophy of life on earth. And that they may merge this sterling character into the life of this day and age.

"As I stand here today, I am fully conscious and fully realize that the White man is here to stay. And that we, the Indians, must live according to his way of life.

"I pray that White Shield [Cooper] may be restored back to good health. And I pray that Chief Woman [Flannery] may live a long, and a healthy, happy life. I pray that the Black-Robed missionaries of St. Paul's Mission [the Jesuit Fathers] may succeed in their efforts to teach us the true way of life. I pray that our leaders of the Indian people may be inspired to do good work for their people.

"My Father, I talk to you today with all of my person, and with all my heart and my mind. I give You thanksgiving for hearing my weak and mortal voice, and from my heart I ask You to again listen to my prayer, which I am making most devoutly and which is my most earnest wish."[8]

The question as to when the Gros Ventres prayed has been partly answered passim in the treatment of the sacred Pipe rituals, the sacred Dances, ghost helpers, and power. We shall here include other occasions and situations calling for or accompanied by prayer: spring time, mealtime, bedtime, hunting, river crossing, storms, the aged.

The Gros Ventres prayed, as occasion arose, at all seasons of the year, but spring time was looked upon as a particularly propitious time not only for seeking power, but also for other kinds of praying. The point of view may be illustrated by excerpts from a letter of March 24, 1945, from The Boy to Cooper. The letter was not just dashed off hurriedly or without previous thought. For composing it, The Boy explained orally the following summer to

[8] School Sisters of St. Francis, 1946, pp. 3-4.

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782 123 Flannery: "I tried to be well prepared by a long period of study as to what to tell him [Cooper] so that I could do something big for his health, that his health might be restored. I sort of prepared for this all winter long and then decided I would write this letter to him in the Spring of the year when everyone seems to feel good and [to be] glad that they are still living and that they survived the hardships of the winter and that it is time for rejoicing and that even the animals are glad that spring had come around again. They then woke up from their long sleep of hibernation when they bored underground or under a pile of rocks or whichever way they could get away from . . . winter. I tried to get him [Cooper] the full benefit of it. I am glad to hear he liked it. I tried hard to put into words what I wanted for my friend [Cooper], and so that he would get more I chose that time of the year [spring]. That is when all the animals wake up and talk and sing and move around and let the whole world know: 'I am still around too.' . . . They have made a real effort to live that long. . . . They try to keep themselves in existence as long as they can by growing and singing and running and so forth. . . . If I made my friend feel better and was able to master the great distance between us [Montana to Washington, D. C.] with those few words, I am exceedingly glad and will always feel good when I recall that letter and those words because they made him feel good.' Besides my words written down, everything that I had went with them."

[191] [212] The Boy's message in the letter, as translated very carefully from his dictation in Gros Ventre and written down by his nephew, Thomas Main, was in part as follows:

123 539 782 "Dear friend—As winter is over and spring is on in its place, it makes one feel good. And as I listen to the talking song of the meadow larks they bring back pleasant memories of my association with you. So I am writing this letter to bring my thoughts into expression.

"I hope I can infuse and saturate into this paper my feelings for you and my concern for your welfare and doctor you with the tidings and blessings which the season of spring always brings, when all nature arises from a long sleep, so that you too may enjoy the healing winds and sunshine which abound at this time.

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"I have heard that your health [has not been good] . . . and it is my earnest hope that you may get back your health. I shall never forget nor cease to appreciate the encouragement you gave me when I was losing my health rapidly, and your promise to pray for me so that my health might be restored back to me.[6] I sincerely believe that your prayer was heard, as my health seems to be improving, even in my advancing age.

"So now it is my turn to pray that your life span may be extended, and among other good things to which you apply your mind that you may further contribute to the great study of the races and peoples of the earth.

"I have told you in my story of the Gros Ventres before the days of the white man, which includes the belief of my ancestors, that in the spring of the year is when one's prayers are more readily heard, and that was the time that the Indians in the long ago went to the hills, streams and mountain tops to fast and pray.

"We, the Gros Ventres, pray and implore the Supreme Being to protect our boys fighting on the various fronts in this great war, and so far only one Gros Ventre boy has been killed, out of many who are in the service. And we also pray that this terrible war and this mass killing may soon stop and that a just and lasting peace may be declared, so that the great family of nations may be true brothers again and go on with life in harmony and prosperity.

. . .

"I will now close and I am very glad to have spoke to you on this paper and it is my sincere hope that you can feel my words, so that they will do you good and doctor you.[7] With a good and hearty handshake, I am

Your friend
The Boy"

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In the spring, The Boy's father, Lame Bull, would at bedtime after all were lying down, sing certain songs after first praying for himself, his household and all the people. Whether this bedtime

[6] See p. 366, in references to The Boy's illness in 1940. In 1948, The Boy again mentioned gratefully Cooper's prayer for him. [R.F.]

[7] Some of the expressions used in this letter seem to be implicit references to the efficacy of the sincere wish as well as of prayer.

APPENDIX

The following myths, tales, and traditions are given as told us mostly by The Boy, who in turn learned them in large part from his father. Variants from other informants are noted in passing and reference is made to Kroeber's earlier and more complete collection where appropriate. 128

1. Ni:hahat Liberates the Bladder People[1]

White Man started out and wandered around. At last he saw a single lodge and went over to it and entered. A man and woman were sitting there. They welcomed White Man and told him to sit down. Right away White Man thought: "I am tired and hungry. But they have nothing to eat." He wondered what to do next. The man said to the woman: "My friend has caught me unawares. He is hungry and tired and I have no food to give him." So the man called out: "My children, go and hunt so that we may eat and our guest may eat." This was good news to White Man. So he waited. It was now night. During the night something was bringing meat. You could hear something laying down meat outside. White Man thought this queer that meat should be brought at night instead of in the day time, but he just waited. After a while something stopped bringing these things to eat. The man then said to the woman: "Go out and fetch these things to eat so we and our guest can eat." So she went out and brought in all sorts of meat. So they ate liver, kidneys, tripe, and manifolds, eating them raw. There was plenty to eat so they ate and ate until they were full. 539 773

White Man began to wonder how all this was done. He had it on the tip of his tongue to ask but he didn't do so as this would have been impolite. So after a while he was so full that he fell asleep.

White Man woke up the next day and spent the day with the couple. When night came the man gave the same order in a loud voice: "My children, go and hunt and bring things to eat so that our guest may eat." Then this second night the same thing happened as on the night before.

This time White Man, after he had eaten until he was filled, made up his mind to ask the man how it was all done: "How do they get these good things to eat? Who are your children? I haven't seen any of them." The man replied: "Do you really want to know?" White Man answered: "Yes." The man said to him: "All right. Come with me to this rising ground here. I will show you." As they left the man's lodge he said: "Look up and you

[1] For explanation of the term "White Man" as used for the trickster, see p. 2. This story does not appear in Kroeber's collection.

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will see the thing I use." White Man looked up and saw a bladder[1] up above the door. The man said: "That is what I use." White Man said: "I see it."

The man took the bag from where it hung and he and White Man went to the rising ground. When they reached there the man said: "What I use to hunt with and make a living with and do all things with is in this bag. You will see. Make your heart strong." So the man untied the bag. As he did so adult people began to come out of the bag. The crowd got bigger and bigger around them. The man then said: "This is enough." So he closed the opening of the bag and tied it up again.

After he had tied it up the man said to White Man: "Here are the people I use when I want to do anything. They are the ones who hunt." The man said to the people: "Go hunt and bring the choicest things to eat to my lodge. Myself and my guest want to eat some more."

So the man and White Man went back to the lodge and stayed there all day. That night the same thing happened that had happened on the first and second night previously. They ate and ate until they had enough and were filled and then they slept.

The next day White Man moved on and went his way. Then White Man began to study and think how he could acquire from the man the man's way of living and of getting a living. So White Man studied how to get the man to let him have this bladder. So he hit upon a plan. He decided to cut himself, as the Indians do in mourning, and to cry. So he cut himself and came crying loud to the man's lodge. When he got to the lodge he walked around it crying and crying. The man and woman heard White Man but they knew that White Man was a tricky fellow and they paid no attention to him. But White Man just kept on crying. They heard White Man crying until they went to sleep.

When they woke up the next morning the man wondered what had become of White Man. He said to the woman: "Go out and see if White Man is around." She went and there was White Man asleep outside. The man woke White Man up and invited him into the lodge. White Man went in and sat down, and in the course of time the man said to him: "What do you want? Why have you cut yourself and made yourself suffer and cried?" White Man said: "I did so for a very serious reason. My enemies have killed my whole family, my wife and children, and have destroyed my home. I am destitute and do not know how I am going to live. So I thought I would come to you and ask you to share the bladder with me and tell me how to use it, so I may make ready to take revenge on the people who destroyed my family and home." The man, knowing White Man to be what he was, refused at once: "No. You will go to extremes. You will abuse it. You are crazy." White Man begged all the more. The man and woman were silent for a long time. But White Man kept talking and talked so

[1] A gall bladder sack, attached to the liver. Such gall bladders were used by the Gros Ventres to store grease prepared and mixed with berries and were kept closed to keep bugs out.

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much and so piteously that the man and woman were moved. The woman said to the man: "You ought to pity him. He has suffered a lot. I think he is serious and not up to his tricks this time." So the man said to her: "All right." Then he said to White Man; "Do not use the bladder and the people in it except on rare occasions, such as taking revenge on the enemies who killed your family, or as hunting when in need of food." White Man said: "I promise." White Man embraced the man and was glad. Now White Man had the bladder with instructions how to use it. The man just loaned the bladder to White Man. The man said to him: "There is one very strict rule to be followed by the person who has the bladder. You must sleep with your head toward the place to which you are going. You must observe this rule strictly to the letter." White Man said: "I shall." The man said to him again: "Remember to use the bladder only when you have to."

So White Man went off. And when night came he stopped. He was wondering if the whole thing would work. He couldn't stand it any longer so he said: "My children, go, I am hungry and want to eat." So they went and brought all kinds of meat. So he ate and ate, and then slept. When he woke up there was nothing there, no meat but only the bladder. So White Man picked up the bladder and went away again. He did in like manner each night, and each time the plan was successful and there was always something to eat.

White Man told his people what they should do in case he got killed: "Make a sweat house and a mound of earth in front of it. Someone should have a filled pipe and should stand at the mound of earth and should invite the Supreme Being four separate times with a stop after each invitation. Then a second invitation should be given, this time to 'You that follow one another' [Sun and Moon], and this invitation too should be given four separate times. Then you should give an invitation, likewise four separate times, to the 'Four holy old men.' Next you should give an invitation, also four separate times to 'You that starve to death.' Then you should give one invitation only to all of those who are to take part in the sweat, naming each one and saying: 'Come and join the sweat.'" White Man was here telling the people what to do if he should lose his life. They were to do this four days after White Man's death and then quit and wait and White Man would appear and come to join them.

White Man traveled four nights and slept four times after leaving the man's lodge with the bladder. On the morning after the fourth night there appeared signs of a habitation. And White Man said to his followers: "Stay right here." White Man went slyly to a little hill and peeked and peeked and saw a big camp with lots and lots of people. So absorbed was he in the sight that he did not notice some hunters coming in between him and his people. The hunters sneaked up and killed White Man. White Man had with him at the time the bladder. The hunters captured the bladder and brought it to camp and wondered what it was and why White Man carried

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it. It was still tied up. Out of curiosity they untied it and at once people began to come out of the bladder. So they lost control of the bladder, were overrun with these bladder people, were hopelessly outnumbered, and were destroyed and killed by them.

The bladder people were now without a leader but they remembered what White Man had told them to do if he were killed. So they built a sweat house and made a mound of earth in front of it and all who were going to sweat assembled there. One of them then took a pipe and filled it and stood at the mound and did just what White Man had told them to do. In a loud voice he invited the Supreme Being to come and sweat with them and did this four times. At once after the fourth invitation someone appeared in the direction the inviter was facing and walked toward them. The inviter went on to the next invitation as White Man had instructed. Meanwhile this person kept approaching. By the time the inviter had finished all the invitations, this person arrived where the people were. It was White Man. He said to them: "My children, I came back. I am going to sweat with you." Then they all went into the sweat house except the man with the pipe who remained standing where he was. After all, including White Man, were seated inside the sweat-lodge where they were going to sweat, White Man said to the man standing outside at the mound with the pipe: "Come in. Hand me the pipe." He handed the pipe to White Man who received it and said to him, "Go and get that [dry] buffalo chip out of the fire and put it down in front of me." The man did so. White Man took dry peppermint leaves and put them down on the chip and made incense and passed the as yet unlit pipe around and up and down in the smoke three times.

White Man in receiving the pipe grasped it with his left hand around the pipe stem just next to the bowl and his right hand around the pipe stem further toward the mouth. At first he held the pipe, bowl up and level, towards the smoke of the incense, then he raised the stem end of the pipe upwards until the pipe was nearly vertical and held it toward the rising sun, next toward due south, and finally towards the setting sun. Finally he reversed the stem towards his mouth. After this White Man said to the people: "Now you are free. You won't have to go back in the bladder again."

White Man while still holding the pipe prayed to the Supreme Being to bless his liberation of the people. After he had finished praying he told his people to do all the things which he himself had done since he had been with them. He told them to stand at the mound and put a buffalo skull on top of the mound in such wise that the forehead of the skull would rest level. He told them to have the children come around and to get some good old man to cut off a little of the flesh of the children's arms and to offer it to the Supreme Being by putting it on top of the skull. He told the older people to cut bits of flesh in the shape of the new moon from off their arms from between shoulder and elbow, from between elbow and wrist, from off

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their thighs to the knee and from off their legs between the knee and the ankle and from off their chest (sternum),—to cut off as much as they could stand and not to fail to do this, and to put the cut-off bits on top of the buffalo skull. [Thick showed the writer the crescent-shaped scars on the outer side of his upper arm.]

Inside the sweat house White Man instructed them too in all the details of how to make the sweat house and the mound and how to heat the rocks and how to place the pipe on the mound.

White Man sat just inside the east entrance of the sweat house on the left as you enter. He had two assistants who remained outside. He told one of them to take two sticks tied together and get a live coal with them. With this coal he lit the pipe. Then all the people sitting in the sweat-lodge smoked. When all were through smoking White Man handed the pipe to one of his assistants who put it on the mound. Then he told the two assistants to close the doors of the sweat-lodge and one of them closed the front eastern opening and the other closed the rear western opening. Then White Man sang a song. Some of the people learned this song right away and sang it with White Man. Some of the people prayed while White Man and the others were singing. Then they heard a woman's voice, a very beautiful voice singing the same song that they were singing. Two songs had words that are translated as follows:[6]

First song: "My holiness have pity on me." (White Man was here really speaking to himself. He had great power to do things.)

Second song: "Something long (string, rope) have pity on me."

By this time the openings of the sweat-lodge had been closed and [illegible] water was ready. Each of these first two songs were sung three ti[illegible] After this the third song was sung, a song without words. Then the wa[illegible] was stirred up and the people imitated the sound of the helldiver. Each tim[illegible] they got through singing the third song water was sprinkled on the rocks. The third song was sung three times and water was sprinkled on the rocks three times.

Ever since that time the Indians have done in just this way.

After White Man had told the people all about the pipe and how to use it, all at once the real Flat Pipe appeared. It was a pipe made all of wood in one piece bowl and all, with no detachable stem. This pipe was the main thing with the people after that.

Its real name is the Flat Pipe. The name Little Turtle is also used for it. The Pipe that is now kept is the same one that was given to the people by White Man.

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[6] These songs were recorded as No. 35 and No. 43. For the latter see also story No. 5.

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The same Flat Pipe survived with the one man who survived the Deluge (see No. 3).

2. Ni:hə̀hat Obtains the Buffalo[4]

At one time a certain man owned all the buffalo. At this time White Man was living and used to wander around. In his wanderings he came upon a camp of Gros Ventres and learned that they were always short of meat, because the man who owned all the buffalo kept them in a cave (or tunnel) in the ground.

White Man started to think up some plan to help the people. When he had decided on his plan, he said to the people: "Leave this camping ground and move away." They did so. But White Man stayed behind and turned himself into a little mangy pup.

Soon a little girl, the daughter of the man who kept the buffalo, came to the deserted camping ground, looked around, and found the pup. She was glad and took it back home. When she got back home she showed the pup to her parents. They said: "That's not a real dog, but White Man. Let him go. Kick him out and let him die." But the little girl insisted on keeping and raising the pup, and had her own way. The pup remained inside the lodge and was well fed and cared for.

The keeper of the buffalo had his camp just outside the cave where he kept them. He used to pass out the buffalo for the Gros Ventres in only limited numbers. That is why the Gros Ventres were always short of meat and hungry. Every day the man would let one buffalo out of the cave to water and graze, and each evening he would call them and they would come back in the cave.

White Man, the pup, studied the situation. When the keeper got back home from caring for the buffalo, he would scratch and howl and act like a real pup. The man would scold him and say to him: "You are not a real pup; you are White Man." But the pup would work on the affections of the little girl and the man would quiet down.

White Man watched how the man let the buffalo out of the cave and got them back, and awaited his chance. One evening as the man was putting the buffalo in the cave for the night, the pup ran out among them and decided to hide on the scrotum of an old bull. He took a good hold of the scrotum. The old bull went by the man who failed to notice the pup hanging on the bull's scrotum. So the pup got inside the cave, and did not let go his hold until the bull was far inside. Then the pup let go his hold and turned himself into a great big ferocious dog and started to bark.

This was strange to the buffalo, and caused commotion among them. They started milling around and finally stampeded toward the opening of the

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[4] Cf. Kroeber, 1907, pp. 65-67. Kroeber's informant, Flea, was of the same generation as our narrator, The Boy.

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cave. The keeper heard the commotion and suspected that White Man had gotten inside the cave. The keeper tried to hold the buffalo back, but they dashed madly through the cave opening, ran over the man and trampled him to death.

White Man kept barking till he had driven all the buffalo out of the cave and scattered them in all directions so they would not return to the cave. Then White Man assumed his own body again, went back to the dead keeper's camp, and raped the keeper's wife and daughter. Then he left to go in search of the camp of the main body of the Gros Ventres. When he arrived there he announced to them that he had driven all the buffalo out of the cave and that the keeper was dead and told them all he had done, and foretold that they would never more have trouble in getting buffalo. Since that time the buffalo have remained on top of the ground and the Gros Ventres have had plenty of meat and have been hungry no longer.

3. Earthmaker and the Deluge[8]

The (primeval) keeper of the Flat Pipe, known as Earthmaker, knew in some way that the earth was going to be covered with water. It must have been that he was the only one who knew it for he was the only one who got ready to survive the flood. The Keeper made a big raft of logs and took the Pipe and put it on the raft. In the course of time the whole earth was under water. The Keeper just floated around everywhere on the raft, only himself and the Pipe with no other human beings or animals.[9] After a long time the Keeper saw a mountain top sticking up out of the water. He drifted toward it and landed there. When he landed he saw lots of birds and some animals. Right away he was glad that he had struck land and had some company in the way of animals and birds. He knew that the helldiver (mud hen), turtle, beaver, and muskrat were water beings. So he had them dive to get some earth from the bottom and to bring it back to where he was. First he sent Helldiver who after a while came up drowned. The

[8] Cf. Kroeber, 1907, pp. 59-61 (Nos. 1 and 2). Our version of the deluge story seems to correspond with Kroeber's No. 1 in which the person who sends the animals to dive is not identified directly with the trickster. The incidents in our version correspond, however, somewhat to those in Kroeber's No. 2, including the importance of the pipe and the making of man and woman. The Boy, our narrator, had thought that the latter might show Christian influence but stated that when he questioned older men, like Bushy Head, they emphatically declared that the incident was included in the old Gros Ventre tradition. [R.F.]

[9] Charles Buckman's version of this myth differed in that he claimed that "Earthmaker was floating in a pipe bowl,—the sacred pipe [Flat Pipe] represents this." Floating in the pipe bowl corresponds to the Arapaho version.

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Keeper examined him and found some mud in the folds of his feet. He took the mud off and put it away on the raft. Then the Keeper sent Turtle to dive. Turtle also came up drowned, and the Keeper found some mud on the fold of his neck and put it where the other mud was. Next the Keeper sent Beaver to dive. Beaver came up drowned but without any mud. Last he sent Muskrat to dive. Muskrat came up drowned, but like Beaver without any mud. Then the Keeper spread the mud out to dry in the sun. When it was dried out the Keeper took a pinch of the dry dust between thumb and index finger, faced east, held up the pinch of dry dust towards the east then back towards his shoulder and sang Ni:hahat's first song: "My holiness have pity on me" (No. 35). Then he held the pinch of dry dust again towards the east and brought it back to his shoulder and sang the same song again. Again the third time he did the same and at the end of the third singing of this first song released the dry dust from between his thumb and index finger and said: "Go as far as the eyes can reach," and immediately ground appeared on top of the water.

Then he took another pinch of dry dust, turnd to the south and went through the whole procedure that he had gone through when turning towards the east, singing likewise in each case the same song. Then he took the last pinch, the remainder of the dust, and turning to the west went through the same procedure, still singing White Man's first song. And each time more ground appeared. After this last turning to the west all the birds and animals gave their own special calls. They rejoiced for there was ground again.

Then the Keeper with his Pipe was on dry earth, and he went around all alone, the only human survivor. Wherever he wandered from one place to another he always took the Pipe. After a while he became tired of being alone. So he decided to make another man like himself. He took mud and moulded it into the shape of a human being and held it in his hand and breathed on it three times. After the third breathing the man appeared, like himself. And now he had a male partner. So the three, the Keeper, the man and the Pipe went around together. After a while the Keeper said: "We have no way to increase unless we have a female." So when the man was asleep, the Keeper took out the last lowest rib on the man's left side and breathed on it three times and the last time he breathed a woman appeared. The Keeper said to the man and woman: "Get married and live together and multiply mankind."

So the man and woman lived together and the Keeper continued to stay with them. The couple bore children and after a while there were again a lot of people. The Keeper decided to teach the man and woman all about the Pipe, the Keeper's lodge, and so forth. "Whenever the Pipe is transferred from one Keeper to another, all the societies in the tribe,—age societies, soldiers, Stars, Grass Dancers, Crazy Dancers, and so on,—should sit in and sing their songs and imitate the calls which the birds and animals gave when I made the land again. If any of these societies should get mixed

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up and one should sing the other's song then they must say: 'We have lost track of our song,' and must stop singing. But this must happen three times before they quit singing for good on such an occasion." And so all the societies imitate the calls of animals and birds.

Then the people multiplied more and more and followed strictly all the teaching about the Flat Pipe. This was the one and only sacred pipe they had until the time when the other sacred pipe, the Feathered Pipe, appeared on the scene. And it was the Ruler of the Storm who gave the Gros Ventre the Feathered Pipe.

What became of Keeper is not known, whether he died a natural death or not, nor is anything known of what became of White Man.

4. Origin of Death

When Earthmaker had made man and woman, and everything was finished, Earthmaker, man, woman and the animals were all sitting around admiring how beautiful everything was and talking together. Earthmaker put the question to humans and animals: "Now, how do you want things to run? You are going to multiply. If you die, shall you stay dead, or shall you come back to life again?" So the man and woman and animals had to decide, with Earthmaker as the judge.

The man took a buffalo chip and threw it in the water, saying: "Here's the way I want our lives to run." The chip sank and then came up to the surface. "I want life to be like that. We shall die but we shall come back to life again."

But the bear said: "No, that way won't do. Soon the earth would be full and there would be no room, and not enough for everyone to eat. There will be more pleasure and happiness in life if all die. Then there will always be new generations to succeed them." So the bear took a rock and threw it in the water, saying: "Here is the way I want life to be." The rock sank and remained down.

So Earthmaker decided: "This is the way it shall be, like this rock."

5. He-who-starved-to-death[1]

A long time ago the Gros Ventre lived in a land that was good, with plenty of game and of other things needed and used in their way of life.

[1] This story is not recorded by Kroeber. It contains the incident of a person crossing a body of water on the legs of a bird and shaken off, which was mentioned by Kroeber (1907, p. 58) as one of the motifs widespread in central N. America which to that date had not been recorded for the Gros Ventres or Arapaho. It also contains another common motif, that of the magically replenished food, which does not occur in Kroeber's Gros Ventre collection. [R.F.]

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773 At that time there lived a man who was then the Keeper of the Flat Pipe. When the man's first son was born the child was beloved and was declared to be the Pipe Son according to custom. The boy was very happy as his parents showered all their affections on him. This went on until another son was born to the Keeper and his wife. For some unaccountable reason this second son won the affections of his parents over those of his older brother and so became the Pipe Son and he instead of his older brother got everything in the way of affection, attention and favors from his parents. This caused a break in the harmony and happiness which had prevailed in the family up to that time. The older brother became violently jealous of his younger brother.

One day while the older brother was out hunting buffalo, the enemy attacked the Gros Ventre camp. The younger brother wished to distinguish himself and so prove himself worthy of the esteem which his parents and all the people had for him. And so he decided to join the fight which took place. In the absence of his brother he took a red otter skin belonging to his brother and went out and joined in the fight. This red otter skin was very rare and was used by the older brother as his war medicine and when he wore it on his person he never failed to distinguish himself in battle.

While the fight was still on, the older brother came home from his hunting. On being told by his parents that a fight was going on, he immediately got ready to take part in it. He went to look for his red otter skin but could not find it. So he asked his parents: "What has become of my otter skin?" They told him: "Your brother took it and went to the fight."

The older brother was very angry at his younger brother and vowed that upon the latter's return from the fight he would give him a sound upbraiding. As soon as his brother got back from the fight he upbraided him severely and said to him: "If you wish to own a red otter skin go to the place where they are found and get one for yourself." The younger brother took this violent scolding of his brother very seriously and felt it deeply in his heart. After that he grieved and pined and hardly ever remained around the lodge, but stayed out alone away from the camp and was very sad and cried most of the time. He rarely came home. When he did so his parents would try their best by constantly talking to him to pacify him, but it was of no avail. He said to his parents: "I cannot get out of my mind the matter of the red otter skin. I am resolved to go where they can be acquired." In spite of the warnings and entreaties of his parents and the other people to discourage the young man from this very dangerous undertaking, he struck out towards the rising of the sun and the habitat of the red otter.

After traveling for many days and nights and crying most of the way, he came in sight of a large camp of lodges. He did not hesitate to enter the camp and was not afraid, as he was resolved to acquire a red otter skin even at the risk of his life. The people welcomed him warmly and said to him: "What are you doing so far from home and from your parents?"

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They knew how his parents loved him most dearly because he was the Pipe Child. He answered them: "I am going to the place where the red otter was gotten." They were horror-struck and said to him: "By all means turn back from going there, as no one who has gone there has ever returned, but has lost his life." The young man however was determined to go on and did not lend an ear to the advice and warnings given him by the people. Disregarding all they said he went on his way toward the rising sun. 539 773

After many days of traveling he came upon another large camp. Here too he was known as the Pipe Child and was given a warm welcome and good treatment. They too warned him but he went on. Finally he arrived at a third camp and was likewise well received and fully warned. When however the people saw that he was determined to go on and was not going to listen to their counsel to go back, they said to him: "All right. But at least listen carefully while we tell you what lies in store for you on this final and fourth leg of your journey and quest. When you leave this camp go toward the rising of the sun. After many days of travel you will come upon a lone lodge on the edge of a large body of water and facing toward the rising of the sun. When you get to the lodge you should do nothing else but start to cry and to walk around the lodge. When night comes lie down and sleep at the foot of the first pole to the left of the lodge door. The next night sleep at the foot of the second pole, and so on each night at the succeeding pole until you reach the last of the thirty poles. When you succeed in doing this then the man to whom the lodge belongs will invite you inside and will ask you what is your reason for inflicting so much punishment on yourself. You will tell him about the red otter. Then the man will grant your request as you will practically have gained the red otter by being able to sleep at each of the thirty lodge poles without having taken anything to eat or drink. But by all means do whatever the man tells you to do, following every instruction exactly. Another danger however awaits you. For besides giving you the red otter the man at the lodge will offer you a gift of one of his many birds that live there with him. Among them is a certain red bird who is very evil and tricky. Those who have picked him as a gift have been exposed to great danger as the red bird flies up into air with anyone that takes hold of his legs and after flying around a long while deposits him on an island in the middle of the large body of water. Every time without fail such men have died from starving or exposure or drowning."

So the young man after listening carefully to all this friendly counsel and warning, struck out toward the rising of the sun. After traveling many days and just when he was weary and tired out, as he came over a high ridge he saw a large body of water and on the shore a lodge pitched. He was glad that he had now reached his goal. On arriving at the lodge he did what he was told to do. He began walking around the lodge crying at the same time. When night came on he lay down at the foot of the

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first pole to the left of the lodge and slept there. The next morning he got up, and all day long he walked around the lodge and cried. When night came he lay down at the next pole and slept there. He did this day after day, always moving to the next pole each night and sleeping there.

When he came to the pole straight back from and opposite the door he was unable any longer to stand up on his feet but had to crawl from one pole to the next one. When he reached the pole half way between the back of the lodge and the door he was unable to crawl any more and so he rolled from one pole to the next one. He was now so weak from lack of food and drink that he could not cry out loud any more but just shed tears. He went on from pole to pole. Mustering up his last energy he rolled to the 30th and last pole and fainted. This was the last he remembered.

When he awoke he heard talking inside the lodge, and soon he heard the man say to his wife: "Go out and bring our son inside our lodge, so we can care for him and ask him why he is punishing himself so much." The woman went out and exclaimed: "He is near death, being a mere skeleton." The young man was unable to walk or even to move. So she dragged him inside and laid him gently on a soft bed of robes. The man said to his wife: "Give the young man a drink of water." She dipped a small shell into the water and handed it to the young man to drink. The young man thought to himself: "This small shellful of water is not enough to quench my great thirst." But the man spoke kindly to him and told him: "Go ahead and drink. You will get enough." So he drank his fill and the shell was still full of water as before he began to drink.

Then the man said to his wife: "Give the young man food to eat." She gave him on the shell four pieces of meat already cut. He thought to himself: "These four small pieces of meat are not enough to satisfy my great hunger." But the man told him: "Do not worry. Go ahead and eat the meat." So he began eating the meat, and, each time after he took a piece, there remained four pieces of meat, and when he had eaten his fill there were still four pieces of meat left.

The young man then slept four nights in the man's lodge. At the end of this time he was fully recovered from his experience. The man then asked him: "Why have you come here and why have you done all these things to yourself?" The young man replied: "My older brother saddened me most grievously by scolding me for using his red otter skin war medicine. I felt so bad that I left my home and came toward the rising of the sun to acquire a red otter skin to have for my own. I have been told this is the place to come." The man said: "Yes I will give you what you ask. It is a request easily complied with. And also besides giving you the otter skin I am giving you one of my many birds that are along the shore of the water. Pick out any bird from the flock and then come back to my lodge to get your red otter skin along with full and final instructions."

So the young man went along the shore and soon came upon a large flock of most beautiful birds in many different colors and plumages. He

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walked among them and they did not run away from him. He was undecided as to which bird he would pick, for it was hard to tell which was the most beautiful. He finally decided on a certain one, and, as he stooped down to pick it up, the red bird that he had been warned not to pick as a gift, got in the way. But knowing the red bird was evil and without pity he would not take it. Every time however he was about to catch the bird of his choice, the red bird got in his way. Then the young man began to study the red bird. He looked him over carefully and saw that he was a very beautiful bird after all, being all pure red in color and with a bunch of red feathers forming a beautiful arch on his head. He decided then to choose the red bird as after all it measured up to all the requirements of beauty.

So disregarding the advice he had gotten from the people he took hold of the bird's legs. As soon as he closed his hands on them, the red bird took wing and soared up in the air with him, and he could not relax his grip on the legs of the bird. After flying around a long time the bird made for the island in the middle of the great body of water and dropped the young man there.

The young man walked around on the island, and found there many skeletons of human beings who had met the same fate, death, which now faced him. There was nothing to eat there except a few berries and some frogs and moss that had washed ashore, and white clay. He ate these the best he could. He fully realized that it was impossible to swim back to the mainland as the distance was too great. He cried all of his spare time in the hope that something would take pity on him and rescue him.

Every once in a while the red bird would fly over the island and would say: "Oh, the one who eats rosebush berries is still alive," and then would fly away. One day as the young man was crying along the shore of the island he came across a little water snake. He picked it up and looked at it. Then he took a small ornament off his person and tied it around the neck of the little water snake and laid down the snake again unharmed.

After having spent more than thirty nights on the island he was getting very weak again and was reduced to skin and bones. This time as he was walking around crying he heard singing behind him. He stopped and listened. Finding that the singing was coming toward him, he stood there and waited. Then as he listened he heard these words: "I am here and I am coming." The singing stopped and then a voice said: "Man, my father sent me here to call you to our lodge." The young man thought it best not to move at once, but to wait until the voice invited him four times. After the fourth invitation he looked all around and saw no one. Then looking down he saw the little water snake on whom he had tied the ornament. The snake said to him: "Follow me to my father's lodge." So saying the snake went into the water and the man followed it under the water.

After a long walk under the water they came to a large lodge with two big water monsters painted on it, their heads meeting at the door. The little water snake said to him: "Go inside. This is my father's lodge." So

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he went in. A big water monster lay at the back of the lodge and welcomed him in. So he sat down near the water monster's head. The water monster said: "You have done something which must be rewarded. You are the man who tied the ornament around the neck of the little water snake. This little water snake is my last child and his name is 'The Last Child.' Now listen to me and you will see your parents and all things which you hold dear. For I have pitied you and I am going to rescue you from your desperate plight and also reward you for what you have done for The Last Child."

The water monster then sang a song with these words in it: "Hair Rope, have pity on me." After the monster sang this song he gave the young man a Hair Rope made of the long hair from the forelegs of the buffalo and from the back of the neck of buffalo bulls. And he told the young man: "Use this Hair Rope to get revenge on the red bird who so ruthlessly carried you away and left you alone on the island to die. Lay the Hair Rope in a circle on the ground as if setting a trap and say: 'I want a fat young buffalo to be here.' And immediately you will turn into a young buffalo. After some time birds of all kinds will come around and eat you and if the red bird even so much as steps inside the ring of Rope you will have him trapped and completely at your mercy. If that plan does not lure him into the trap, wish for a fat elk; if that fails, then for a fat deer; if that fails, then for a fat white-tailed deer; if that fails, finally for a fat young wolf and this will not fail. The red bird is very powerful, above all on top of the ground. I am the ruler under the water. I transfer my power to you and ordain that for all time to come this power shall be used by all generations of men, and shall be used for the purpose of revenge." So saying the monster told the young man: "Get on my neck and I will take you to the mainland. But do not open your eyes until I say to you: 'Now get off.'"

So the young man got on the water monster's neck and they started for the mainland. They went on and on, and after a long time the young man heard a sound as of scraping on rocks. Thinking they had reached the shore of the mainland he opened his eyes and at that instant he was again on the island where he had been before. The monster rebuked him for his disobedience in opening his eyes before it was time and said to him: "That was the one and only power I had to help you. There is nothing further I can do for you."

So the young man was back on the island as far as ever from home and from the fulfillment of his desire to have the red otter skin. So he began crying again, and he did this daily for a long time. One day he was walking along and crying. He went near a big tree and as he went under it he heard a voice saying: "Stop your crying and look up at me. I am the bald eagle and I am very powerful. I am taking pity on you and am going to help you." Looking up the young man saw a bald eagle perched on a limb.

The eagle said to the young man: "I am transferring my lodge to you and you are to have my body as a flag when you put up my lodge. I am going to take you to the mainland. You must do what I say and I will succeed.

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But if you do not do as I say, as you did with the water monster, I will not succeed. Take hold of my tail feathers with both hands, and close your eyes and you are not to open them until you touch ground with your feet."

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The young man did as he was told and took a firm hold of the eagle's tail feathers and closed his eyes. Then the eagle let out his loud whistle, took wing, and sailed up in the air. The young man could feel that he was being carried through space and he was determined that this time he was not going to open his eyes until he touched ground with his feet, as the eagle had told him. He could feel the eagle sailing as it were in a circle and after a time he felt the ground under his feet. Upon opening his eyes he found that the eagle had deposited him in front of the lodge where he had slept and suffered so much for thirty nights.

He stood there not knowing what to do. Then the man whose lodge it was invited him inside. He went inside and sat down. The man said to him: "I am very sorry for you. The red bird is very evil and without pity. But now that you have gone through all these things required and are still alive, I will give you the red otter skin, and also horses and a bunch of leg hoofs of buffalo to use for a bell [rattle] on the horses' necks." The man took down the hoof bell from its place on one of the poles of the lodge and told the young man to follow him to the shore. On arriving at the shore the man shook the hoof bell violently and a beautiful black stallion with a bob tail came out from the water. The man now told him: "This is your horse and he is the father of all the horses that I am going to give you. And here is what you must do to get back home with these horses. These horses must not be abused or ill-treated and must not be killed. Whoever of your people so maltreats them will not own any horses for in a mysterious way he will lose his ownership. When I transfer this hoof bell from my hand to yours, shake it as you saw me do, turn around, and go back to where you came from toward the setting sun. When night comes you must lay your head forward when you sleep, and for four nights you are not to look back or around, but walk with your head down and your eyes on the ground. If you do not do as I say, the horses will disappear and you will have gone through all this suffering in vain. But if you carry out what I say, you will have wealth, happiness, long-life, and a renown that shall last for all time to come.[a] Finally I impart to you all my power and my whole being, under one other condition, namely, that you are not to give a single thing, a horse or anything else, to your older brother who caused you all the suffering and privation which you have gone through this long time. At each of the Gros Ventre camps which you will pass you will give to each man, woman, and child a horse, and in the following manner. Halt a good distance away from the camp with your horses and call one man from the camp, and tell him to go and announce to the other people to

[a] Cf. Kroeber, 1907, p. 128, incident of water monster giving horses to young man.

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bring all of their ropes, that 'He-who-starved-to-death' would give them each a horse. Now go back toward the setting sun and do as I have told you."

So as soon as the man put the hoof bell in the hand of He-who-starved-to-death, the latter turned around shaking the bell and started out toward the setting sun. As he went along it was all he could do not to look back, for he could hear the tramping of the horses behind him, sometimes nearly running over him in their frolicking and play. But he had made up his mind firmly to do as he was told for he had had bitter experiences. Each night he lay down with his head toward the setting sun as he had been told. And at each of the three camps on the way he gave a horse to each person there. He successfully arrived back at the fourth camp, his home, and there gave a horse to each person except to his older brother. To him he would not give a single horse or anything else. His brother wept almost continually and was rarely seen in camp after that. And now the younger son of the Keeper of the Flat Pipe was back home and safe and was known as He-who-starved-to-death.

After he was fully rested and recovered from his experiences and travels he began to lay plans as to how to get revenge on the red bird who had caused him so much suffering. So as he had been instructed to do by the water monster he sweated on four different days and in the sweat-lodge told his story to his people. The first of the four sweatings was just for the purpose of getting ready for his revenge on the red bird.

After having gone through the ceremonies four times on four different days, he went away from the camp to a knoll and there laid down his Hair Rope trap. Standing in the middle of the circle of Rope he said: "I want a fat young buffalo to lie here," and immediately he himself turned into a buffalo. Soon a great number of birds flew to the spot from every direction, there to eat of the fat buffalo. After a considerable time the red bird appeared there. He alighted some distance from where the buffalo lay and down windward and asked one of the birds to toss him a piece of fat of the buffalo. He hopped to the fat tossed to him and inspected it carefully. Then he flew up and circled over the buffalo and said: "The one who eats rosebush berries cannot trap or outwit me, he is not powerful or clever enough," and the red bird flew away. So He-who-starved-to-death gave up and went back to camp.

After quite a long time he again went away from camp, but to a different spot, and again set his Hair Rope trap. This time he said: "I want a fat young elk to lie here," and at that instant he turned into a fat elk. As at the first setting of the trap, many birds came there to eat the fat meat. Soon the red bird came again and asked one of the birds to toss him a piece of fat. He inspected it as he had done before and on finding that it was that of his enemy he flew away saying: "You are not smart enough to trap me."

And so in turn He-who-starved-to-death set his Hair Rope trap for the red bird as he had been told to do and in the order prescribed,—the third

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time by turning into a fat deer, the fourth into a fat white-tailed deer and the fifth into a fat wolf. The last time He-who-starved-to-death put perfume on himself, and the red bird, failing until too late to discern that it was his enemy and not a real wolf, was fooled. Before he found out his mistake he had already stepped inside the circle of the Hair Rope and was trapped. But not knowing that he was trapped he flew away taunting He-who-starved-to-death and calling him names.

So He-who-starved-to-death proceeded to do the thing he had been told to do by the water monster, by the bald eagle and by the man at the lodge by the water's edge. Since he was a Pipe Child he felt that he had the hereditary right to use some of the rites of the Flat Pipe in order to war against and totally destroy the red bird who had great power and who made life on top of the ground almost unbearable for anyone who wished to advance and get along better.

When the red bird flew away out of sight into the clouds, He-who-starved-to-death collected himself, fixed himself up, brushed down his hair, sat down facing the rising sun, and began to sing the song of the water monster at his home under the water. He moved his hands as if pulling something down from above with a rope, and at the end of each song he uttered the sacred refrain of the Pipe songs: "Yo-ho-ho-ho." He sang the song a number of times and before long the red bird appeared in the sky coming down toward him. When he saw this he was encouraged and sang with renewed fervor, and after he finished singing he jerked his hands down violently with all his might. And the red bird hit the earth in a cloud of dust at his feet, with one leg securely snared in the Hair Rope trap. "Now, red bird," said He-who-starved-to-death, "I have gotten you at last and I am going to mete out to you a far worse and more cruel punishment than you inflicted on me. In the end I am going to destroy you completely and the human race will hear of this for all time. In a short time from now you will be no more." So saying he proceeded to pluck the feathers off the red bird until there remained only a few down feathers around the bird's beak. The proud red bird was now a sorry sight, and realizing it closed his eyes and hung his head in shame. He-who-starved-to-death taunted the bird and twisted his beak around: "Now if you are as powerful as you claim to be, do something for yourself, for you have no feathers on your body and winter will soon be here and you will freeze to death." So he tormented the red bird for some time until finally the bird got angry, raised up his head, opened his eyes and said to He-who-starved-to-death: "Yes, I am the most powerful one on top of the ground, and now I will prove it. You cannot get the best of me. You are less powerful than I am." So saying the bird shook himself violently and after he ceased to shake all his feathers came back on his body again. He became whole and entire and with a few more cutting and final remarks to his enemy he flew up and disappeared in the clouds.

He-who-starved-to-death sat there for a while sort of bewildered. But recovering himself soon, he began to sing the song belonging to the Hair

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Rope trap as he had been taught to do by the water monster under the water and repeated the same pulling-down motions he had made before. He succeeded in pulling down the red bird and plucking him as he had done the first time, but the red bird was able to get his feathers back again.

Four times in all he did all this and each time the bird got his feathers back again. But He-who-starved-to-death did not give up. For the fifth time he began singing, believing that the red bird had exhausted his power the fourth time. Sure enough on this fifth trial after he had sung the song a number of times, the red bird appeared, came toward him and landed at his feet with the Hair Rope trap still attached to one of his legs. He plucked all the bird's feathers off again. Again the red bird shook himself violently as he had done the other four times, but all his efforts failed and his feathers did not come back again.

So He-who-starved-to-death tormented the bird to his heart's content until he tired of doing so. Then he said to the bird: "Now since you did not pity me on that island where you put me against my will, and since you do not even now respect me nor my present true name 'He-who-starved-to-death,' but you alone still call me 'He-who-eats-rosebush-berries,' I will not be moved by any prayer or entreaty you might make. I doubt whether you will even attempt to pray, for you are too proud and think too much of yourself, having the idea that you do not need anyone's help. It took me all summer to trap you and to get revenge on you. But now I have conquered you completely and will leave you to your fate. You will starve and freeze to death after winter sets in."

So He-who-starved-to-death, the Flat Pipe Child and the second son of the Keeper of the Flat Pipe at that time, now became ruler of all the people who lived on top of the ground. He added many rites to the Flat Pipe rite,—the invocation of the Last Child, the Hair Rope, the song of the water monster. He did so much and so well for his people that after he died his name was invoked when the Gros Ventres prayed in earnest and has been so invoked down to this present day.[9]

6. Origin of the Feathered Pipe[10]

a. *Version of The Boy*

All the people after the flood were living the life of the Flat Pipe as they

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[9] The horse does not enter into the Flat Pipe rite although He-who-starved-to-death was the one who brought horses to the Gros Ventres. There are, however, certain associations between the keeper of the Flat Pipe and horses (see p. 63).

[10] Kroeber, 1907, p. 112 (No. 23), gives a short version of origin of the "chief Pipe" which undoubtedly refers to the Feathered Pipe. See also our No. 7, in which young man dies, is placed in Feathered Pipe lodge, and storm comes.

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had been taught to live by White Man. There were many people then who lived happily and multiplied. 539 773

All were camped in a circle in a certain place. Quite a distance away there was high ground with a steep bank on one end of it. A certain childless couple decided to move up to this high ground. The man was very successful in his hunting there in that isolated place and spent most of his time hunting. Towards sundown one day they saw coming a big storm with lightning and rain. It looked as if it would be an unusually severe storm so they got everything ready, tightening the lodge and so forth. The man and woman then sat in the lodge. When the storm was within hearing distance they heard some men singing right in the storm. When the storm reached them it turned out to be a very severe one with high wind, though of short duration. During the storm the Ruler of the Storm spoke to the man and his wife: "You have been selected by the Ruler of the Storm to be Keepers of the Pipe and of that carved rock. Whenever a storm like this comes, use this pipe and rock to pray to the Ruler of the Storm not to be too hard on you." The Ruler of the Storm taught them the four different songs of the Pipe and the ritual of it.

When the storm was over the tent and everything the couple owned had been taken away by the storm. They looked around and saw a pipe and a rock with a human face carved in profile on it.

So now the Gros Ventre people had two pipes and bundles, the Flat Pipe and the Feathered Pipe. And they prospered and lived long and were happy and always had good luck. They had great reverence for both of the pipes, but greater reverence for the Flat Pipe. All the people lived together in one camp. And whenever they moved camping sites, the Flat Pipe as the senior pipe took the lead while the Feathered Pipe came next. If the people separated into two camps, so that one half had the Flat Pipe and the other the Feathered Pipe, the Feathered Pipe took the lead in this other party.

b. *Version by Thick*

A certain couple who lived at a time after the great Flood had a boy and this boy from the time he was a child never went out and played or joined with other children; he stayed by himself. He was a good boy, a very modest boy. This boy was like that up to about the age of 17 or 18. There was another family of another band, a member of which was a girl of the same nature,—a quiet, stay-at-home girl. Since neither went out and played they wouldn't have known one another; they must have been told through a dream. The boy said: "Well, my father and my mother, you go to this family. They have a girl. You go there and ask the parents of that girl if I can have her for my wife." And the father of course was glad to do it.

So he and his old woman went over to this family. When they got over there this man who had the daughter was glad to see these folks visit. "Well, old man, you have never come into my lodge before and I am glad you have come. Sit down." And he told his wife: "Cook for them." So they cooked

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and after they had eaten this man said: "Well, my friend, what I came for today is this. My son sent me over here to ask for your daughter. He wants to marry her." The girl's father said: "Thanks, thanks, I am glad somebody has asked for my daughter. All right. Now, you tell your son not to be in a big hurry because we want to make a lodge and when we are ready we will let you know."

So they went home and told their son and he said: "That is all right." So the girl's parents got busy and got hides and robes and made a big lodge all furnished. So when it was ready they pitched it and put everything in it and horses were tied by the lodge. Then they cooked a lot of food and brought it in there. Then they sent word to this other family: "Now we are ready for your son." So this man took his son over there. When they got there the girl's father came out and said: "Son-in-law, that is your lodge. Go right in." The girl went in. Then the man said: "Son-in-law, there is a lot of food in there and you have to invite old men." So the father-in-law called out and invited several old men to feast with this young couple. So the young couple stayed with the girl's parents for a long time.

After a while the young man said to his wife: "Well, we have stayed with your parents long enough. We will now stay with my parents." So they camped by his father.

One midsummer day it was very hot and they raised the lodge cover to let air in. In the evening the young fellow told his father: "Father, early in the morning I want you folks to move my lodge. You see that flat out there (away from the camp on the west side)? I want you to set my lodge there early in the morning." So the next morning the old people got busy and moved the lodge to where he wanted it. They did it without asking any questions and he didn't tell them why he asked this. After they moved it he said: "Now, father, you get a couple of old men (criers) to tell the people to fix up their lodges tight, so they won't blow over. There is to be a terrible wind."

So his father went back and got the men to announce what his son had said. And you know how it is, there are always many people who don't believe. "Why should I try to fix my lodge tight when it is a hot day and there is no wind?" But of course a lot of them fixed up their lodges tight. So the young fellow told his father: "You bring all my horses and picket them right here in front of the lodge." And the old man, without asking any questions, did everything his son told him. So he brought up all the horses, quite a lot, because both families had given the young couple horses. And after they did that the young man said: "Well, you go home." And after the young man's father went home they saw a little cloud in the west and it soon spread, and when it was coming there was lightning and thunder, and when it came to the camp, the wind and rain came together. It was like a cloudburst and where the young man's lodge was that thunder was just rolling.

After the storm had passed over very few lodges were left standing. They never did find the lodges of those who disobeyed. The old man went out

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and saw that his son's lodge, horses and belongings were all gone. He found only the two young persons sitting on the flat where the lodge had been. And then the old man walked out there, his son saw him coming and called to him at a distance: "Stop! Now go right back and tell the people I want all of them, young and old, to come, I want to show them something." So the old man turned and walked back and got the crier to announce that. So the whole tribe came and the young man told them: "Tell all the people to come in single file, coming from the west, my parents first, then my wife's parents, and then all the rest." So they did that. They came in single file. They came slowly and the young man had on only his robe. He put his robe back and held out both his hands touching and his wife did the same. And in his hands he had the Pipe and this woman had the Image. Neither the Pipe nor the Image had been made by the couple, but had been given them from heaven. Everybody went by and looked.

After everyone was gone, they got up and went home. Then people got busy and they got another lodge and everything that goes with it and set it up for this young couple again—horses and everything. And after he got his lodge and everything back, the young man and his wife went in and he told his father: "You call the old men, the noted men, call all of them." So they called all the old and noted men and they came in and the young man said: "All right. This thing has been done and I am going to tell you about it. From the time I was old enough to know I began to dream. And everything about the Pipe, how it is to be handled and what to do with it, I used to be told in my dreams. And that is why I had to be by myself and never go out and play. When I got to be a young man, I was told that the Pipe was ready. That is why I then asked for this girl. She was the same. And after that you know what happened. Well, here it is. From now on, whenever this Pipe is passed to another hand they will have to do the same. When this Pipe has to be passed on, you will have to make a raid on the one who gets it and take everything he has, the same as they did with me. You see they took my lodge and horses and everything, and they went up in the clouds. But this other, he will lose everything but it will remain among the people. I am going to bundle this Pipe and these other things have to go in (the feather stem, the Pipe, the Image, the owl and the whistle). When I pass this Pipe on there will be six persons that will keep the Pipe in turn and carry on the work, but every seventh keeper is going to become a holy man, and he will get all the power. He will have control of the weather, with power to cause and stop rain and storms." And the Gros Ventres claim that it has worked out just this way. Every seventh keeper became a great man, holy. In recent years old Bull Lodge got the Pipe and he must have been a seventh one in the series, and he became a holy man (bitä:nchi) with weather power.

c. *Version by Singer*

A certain young man was sleeping and in his dream a person came to him and said: "Don't camp in this circle. Camp off by yourself. You are going

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539 773 to get something." He did so. There was just a huge rain cloud and the thunder was terrible, and that is when Bha'a gave him the Feathered Pipe. He didn't have a horse or anything else left, but only the clothing he had on. He and his wife just sat there like that. When he was given the Pipe, this person said: "When this Pipe is given away the people receiving it want to do just as you did." So when the Pipe is transferred the new owner and his wife give away everything he has to the old owner and just sit there with nothing but the clothes they have on.

d. *Version by Al Chandler*[11]

This Feathered Pipe was gotten from a young fellow who was a very poor man. He didn't have any father or mother. They had died when he was young and he was staying with his grandmother. He used to have dreams that something was going to be given to him, something very important. He figured that people always have to pay something to get anything, so he thought he had better go out and rustle some horses to pay for what he was going to get. He went out two or three times and brought back quite a bunch of horses.

One summer he was sitting around in the daytime and something told him: "Well, you are going to get something now. You better get ready for it. The first thing you want to do is to get a big lodge. If you haven't got one, get it some way, buy it or ask for one." He went around and told people and they helped him out, they just gave him the lodge. After he got the lodge he was told to put it up somewhere by itself. "Now after you do that," he was told, "you rustle good things like beadwork and what Indians have, blankets and things inside the lodge and fix your lodge up good. And you must have a horse tied to every one of the lodge pins. When you have finished with that, you go in there (in the lodge) and be there all alone." So after he got everything ready, he did this, just as he was told. Whoever this was who told him what to do knew that he was ready.

It was toward the middle of the day and he was in there all by himself. All at once it started to get cloudy and an electric storm and a strong wind came. After all the storm had passed, the people wondered what had happened. They looked over where the lodge had been, and nothing was there except a man sitting on the ground. The lodge, the horses, everything was gone. He was sitting there by himself with this Feathered Pipe and some kind of moccasins of animal fur (these are in the Pipe bundle now). Some old fellows came very close and asked him: "What happened?" "Well," he said, "you can all come now, all those who want to hear."

So the old men and old women came. They kept the youngsters and the young women away. This young man's name was Broken Knife. He told

[11] When Al Chandler was a child he lived with Sitting High, who at that time was keeper of the Feathered Pipe.

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what had happened, and of course they were afraid to touch the Pipe. They had never seen anything like it. It was just glittering with different colors. They had never seen a Pipe like that. The stem is porcupine quill work with eagle feathers all along the stem. The young man knew all the songs that belong to the Feathered Pipe. The Pipe was given by Bha'a.

e. *Version by Garter Snake*[39]

A long time ago there lived a man named First Man, with two wives and two children. He used to have dreams, and in one of them he was told he was to be given something from above (heaven). After he had been told this the third time in dreams he called the old men together and said to them: "Three times I have dreamed that I am to be given something from above. I do not know what to do. I have called you together to tell you my dream and to get your advice." One old man as spokesman advised him: "If you dream this again, accept the gift, for the good of all the people." After this the First Man had the same dream again (the fourth time). He did not see anybody but he said: "All right, I'll accept it." He was then told in his dream to get ready four nights after that.

On the fourth afternoon after, he told his father: "You and some of the old men, criers, go around and tell the people to make their lodges fast so they will not blow down. There is going to be a big storm with great wind and much rain." The criers went around and warned the people. Some obeyed and some made light of the warning. First Man then took his own lodge and set it up some distance from the camp. He then picketed his horses near his lodge and sent his younger wife back to the main camp to stay there that night. But First Man and his older wife, First Woman, with one of his two children, remained in his lodge.

About dusk that evening a heavy black cloud with lightning came from the west. That night a terrific storm, with very sharp lightning and thunder, violent wind and torrents of rain, started and lasted all night until about daybreak. During it, people could hear a whistling from a whistle. The next morning the sun came out warm, and there was water all over the place.

First Man's father was worried about his son and went out to look toward's his son's lodge. The lodge and horses were gone. He saw only First Man, First Woman and the child, sitting out there on the flat. So he called to his people: "Come out and look. Everything my son owned is gone. He

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[39] In early life Garter Snake had been Pipe Child to the Feathered Pipe. Her version came from her father, Bull Lodge, a former keeper. She emphasized that she was giving us what and only what her father had told and that he had not told her everything. She mentioned that when her father was about to tell her the story of the Pipe he said: "Listen very closely to what I am going to tell you; you can tell it to your grandchildren when you get old."

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is sitting out on the flat." So everybody came out and looked. The man and his wife and child were sitting there on sage with their heads and faces covered with some kind of covering sent down from heaven. The people were afraid to go near them. Up above a man and woman singing was heard (by First Man? or by the people?).

At last about noon the young man uncovered his head and his father came closer: "Son, we don't know what to do. What do you want us to do?" He replied: "First, put up a lodge with all its furnishings close to where my lodge was which was taken from me. Then get sage and put it inside the lodge at the back, with the heads of the sage pointing to the center, and put some down on the ground from where we are to the door of the lodge." After all this was done, the three walked over to the lodge and went in.

During the storm First Man had been given four things from above: The Pipe, a feathered thing, an image and a whistle. The Pipe had been given by the Supreme Being through Bha'a. The Supreme Being was father of the Pipe. He was also told what names he and his first wife should thenceforth be known by: Whistling Man and Woman-takes-the-lead because she had to take the lead in all wanderings.

She became the main Pipe Woman who would carry the Pipe when the people were on the march and who would take it in and out of the Keeper's lodge. The man's younger wife became second Pipe Woman whose duty it was to handle the Pipe when the main Pipe Woman was in her menses, for at such times the latter was not allowed to handle the Pipe.

The night after the storm Whistling Man asked to have a drum (or four drums?) brought over to his lodge. He called the old men over and sang four songs (no doubt the four Feathered Pipe songs). He put the four gifts each in a separate covering, placed them all together in a black-bear robe, tied the bundle, and put it in the back of his lodge on the sage that had been spread there. After he had wrapped the Pipe and sung the four songs, he told the story of his dreams and gave instructions about the Pipe and its ritual.

Every night after this he was told in his dreams what other things should be put in the bundle with the Pipe. These were various birds of the air,—for the Pipe came from above,—except one thing from a ground animal, a musk-rat skin. He also had somebody make a drum and a wooden bowl, which still hang with, not in, the Pipe bundle. It took him several years to get all these things together. The last thing he got for the bundle was a tanned elk hide.

When all these things were ready, he took a white-buffalo robe, cut it to size, and wrapped the Pipe itself in this. The other things too he wrapped separately, the feathered thing in smoked skin, the image in hair of buffalo fur, but the whistle was just put unwrapped in the bundle.

He was told too (in his dreams) about the ritual of the Pipe. The boughs or needles of sweet pine were to be used as incense. At the time they were camped far from the mountains where sweet pine grows, but in Whistling

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Man's lodge was a whole branch of sweet pine. Where it came from, the people did not know. The people in case of sickness would come to Whistling Man with offerings of tanned deer or antelope skin to "cover" the Pipe. After the offerings had accumulated he had some of the men make a sweat-lodge, with pile of dirt outside (from the excavation inside the lodge), and a buffalo skull on top of it, and with a long pole on which the offerings were hung. When all was ready and the stones were heated, an old man prayed, inviting four times, first the Supreme Being, and afterwards the old men present, to sweat.

Whistling Man also told the people that the Feathered Pipe had been given them for their well-being and protection, that it should remain with the Gros Ventres as long as the world would last, and that it should never be transferred to any other tribe, no matter what should happen.

So Whistling Man kept the Pipe for forty years. Then he was told in his dream of a coming great flood. Forty years after the flood, when he was so old and feeble that he could hardly dance at all, he was told in a dream to transfer it to some other Keeper. He then made a drum and a gourd rattle. The drum was painted half black and half red, black to represent black (storm) clouds and red to represent the earth. He was told, too, from time to time to add to the Pipe bundle certain specified things: the whole skin of a muskrat, a crane, a big white swan, a duck, helldivers, and an unidentified bird called Big Bird. After all these things were finally gathered together, he wrapped each one separately. He was further told to collect one feather from each of all kinds of birds and tie these feathers on the stick to make the feathered thing. All these objects were then put in the Pipe bundle which had its cover of black-bear robe and an outside cover of tanned elk hide.

When all was ready, he was told in a dream: "You are now ready to turn over this Pipe. But wait until you are told." The man chosen to receive it had to be a good, noted and wealthy man. Finally, after a time, Whistling Man gave it to his uncle who meanwhile had been told in a dream that it was to be given to him. Whistling Man said to the people: "Now, my children, I am going to give you my son (the Pipe)." And he said to his uncle: "After you keep it four years, transfer it to somebody else. If you cannot find a worthy man, keep it four more years. If at the end of your second term (eight years) you cannot find a worthy successor, keep it four more years. But at the end of twelve years you have to transfer it." When Whistling Man actually turned over the Pipe, it was night time. He did what had been done to him in the storm when he first got the Pipe: He took the same black cloth and put it over the heads of his uncle and the latter's wife. Then the people raided his uncle and took his lodge, belongings, horses, everything, as Whistling Man's property had been taken in the storm. The next day the people clubbed together and gave the uncle and his wife a lodge, bedding, horses and everything they needed, and gave them horses to give to the nephew who had given his uncle the Pipe.

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539 773 And so as time went on the Pipe passed from Keeper to Keeper at least every twelve years. Later the new Keeper was appointed, not by the previous one acting alone from instructions in a dream, but by consultation and agreement with the old men called together by the Keeper to elect the successor. Since the days of the first Keeper, Whistling Man, up to the time Bull Lodge became keeper, there had been 200 keepers.

7. He-who-dreams-of-Bha'a

The man and woman who were given the Feathered Pipe by the Ruler of the Storm had at the time no children. They were a young couple still in the prime of life. After they got the Feathered Pipe a boy was born to them. This boy grew up like any other boy. For a while he was called Pipe Child. After he got to be a good sized boy (about 14 years old) he used to leave his father's lodge, go away from the camp, and cry. Pipe Child used to do this every once in a while. Sometimes he would come back sooner than usual and would walk around his father's lodge and cry; after a while he would get tired and would go stay to the back of the lodge on the outside on the place of honor and would sit reclining against the lodge just where the Feathered Pipe was kept and would sleep there. At other times he would go inside the lodge to the Feathered Pipe bundle and embrace it and cry; and when he got sleepy he would lie down on the bed right under the tripod where the Feathered Pipe was kept.

Pipe Child did all this over and over again. He would go out away from camp and cry or he would come and cry around his father's lodge. His father and mother would be glad at this, for they knew that the boy was in this way forming his character. They did not tell the boy this in so many words, but silently they approved.

While the boy was doing this the people were camped near a steep coulee with water at the bottom of it. This was where the people went to fetch water. One day the enemy sneaked up to them at a time when a lot of women had gone down together to the stream for water. Here the enemy attacked them. The banks were steep and the Gros Ventre women could not easily make their escape. So a lot of the women were killed and some were scalped alive. The alarm spread rapidly and the Gros Ventre then got their horses ready and put on their war regalia and prepared to pursue the enemy and to give battle. Pipe Child's father said to him: "My boy, you are old enough now. You are nearly grown up (the boy was about 16 or 17 years old at the time, which was about the age at which fathers let their sons go to battle). So you will have to live like the rest of the people. You might as well start now. You go along on this fighting expedition." The father dressed up Pipe Child, tied his own war medicine on the boy (war medicines were tied on the head or elsewhere), gave him a spear but no other weapons, mounted the boy on his own (the father's) horse, the fastest and best horse in the Gros Ventre tribe. The name of the horse was

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Crooked Leg. The father said to Pipe Child: "Give chase to the enemy, and when you overtake them ride right into their midst, get on the right-hand side of one of the enemy and spear him, and after you have done that wheel your horse around and come back to camp. Do not do anything else. Do not spare the horse; he is a good fast horse. Let him run for all he is worth." The man took quite a while to get Pipe Child ready. When Pipe Child was ready he rode off and rode as fast as he could. By the time he reached the battleground, a pitched battle was already under way. Pipe Child used his own judgment since there was only one single thing he had to do, to pick out one of the enemy worth attacking. So he saw one of the enemy mounted on an "aplouse" horse (white with black spots on the rump) with bloody withers. Pipe Child thought to himself: "This is one of the enemy who scalped the women alive." So Pipe Child made for him. He was a great warrior, one of the most prominent men of the enemy tribe. Pipe Child waited until this man was riding away from him. The boy then rode after him, got to the right side of him and when just opposite him speared him, piercing his body through and through. He couldn't pull the spear out, so he just left it in the man's body and wheeled his horse about and rode back to camp. His father was waiting for him and said to him: "Son, what did you do?" The boy replied: "I did just what you told me to do." Then he related all he had done. His father was glad.

By this time all the other Gros Ventre warriors had come back. They had killed many of the enemy and inflicted on them a crushing defeat. There was great rejoicing. They were singing all over the camp. Finally the celebration centered in front of the Feathered Pipe Keeper's lodge, for it was the custom to celebrate the victory in front of the lodge of the person who had done the greatest deed, and in that battle Pipe Child had performed the greatest feat. The people danced and sang and the father gave away all his belongings in honor of Pipe Child, his friends helping him to give the things away. At last he had nothing left but the Feathered Pipe and his own horse, Crooked Leg.

When the dancing was over, one old couple still remained around dancing and singing. They went toward the father's lodge, saying the name of Pipe Child and of his parents. When they got in front of the lodge, they stopped and sang and danced there, still saying the name of the boy and his father. Finally the father and his wife were moved and he said to her: "Invite them in." The old couple came in and the father said to them: "Why are you still celebrating and why do you come to my lodge?" The old man replied: "The reason is that I want your horse, Crooked Leg. I want you to give it to me. I am a poor man. It would do me a lot of service in my hunting and other work." The Keeper of the Feathered Pipe said to him: "That is easy. I thought you would ask something hard. If that is all you want, you shall have the horse." So the Keeper said to his wife: "Go out and unpicket Crooked Leg and give him to this old man." So the woman went out and unpicketed Crooked Leg and gave him to the old man. The

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old man and his wife had the more reason to celebrate, and *they shouted* louder and louder and attracted the attention of the whole camp. Everybody knew that the old man had gotten this great horse from the Keeper.

The Keeper had planted tobacco for that season. Without waiting for the customary harvesting of the tobacco, all the people took advantage of the occasion and raided the tobacco patch and the man couldn't say anything for his son had performed the greatest deed in battle. Such was the custom. That was the way renown was acquired, doing such things as that.

Pipe Child grew up and went on in his way. Whenever there was a battle or other event, he did like everyone else. Every time there was a battle he distinguished himself among the best of the warriors. He was brave, capable, and intelligent, and in a short time he acquired a place in the inside circle of the leading men. When Pipe Child observed this he said to his father: "You tell the people that when they go out for the buffalo hunt they should get a buffalo skin from around the forehead, and I will use that for my shield. Tell the people to get good elk skin. I am going to use that for my shield case. Then after they have gotten us these two skins, dry and prepare them. Then just the three of us, you, my mother and myself, will go apart secretly and cut ourselves off from the rest of the people. Then I will paint my shield. While I am painting my shield you will sing for me, singing the songs used in the Feathered Pipe rite."

So they got the two skins, prepared them in the ordinary way. The buffalo head skin was prepared stiff as rawhide; the elk skin was tanned soft and pliable. When everything was ready the father and mother and Pipe Child shut themselves in the Feathered Pipe lodge and started in, the father singing the Feathered Pipe songs while Pipe Child painted the shield. The round buffalo-head rawhide was covered with the elk skin, and it was the elk skin that was painted. A smudge was made and the paints used were fumigated in the smudge from time to time. The background of the shield was left in its natural color. Pipe Child, with black charcoal paint, painted on the shield in profile facing each other the two birds representing the Ruler of the Storm, Bha'a. Just above them he painted two zigzag lines nearly horizontal, crossing each other and pointing in opposite directions to represent the lightning. All this was painted in black with charcoal paint. Just above the lightning lines he tied to the shield a dead bird,—a small coal black bird (a little bigger than a swallow, with forked tail, white breast with a little yellow on the breast). Then he trimmed the periphery of the shield with eagle tail feathers attached all around at intervals but not touching one another. Then he put a thong on by which the shield could be suspended from his neck or elsewhere. All this is what came from Pipe Child's crying. He had waited all these years to prove himself worthy before making such a shield. Then Pipe Child said to his father and mother: "Now I am through. I have made my shield. Send for the crier and tell him to come over here."

When the crier got to the lodge Pipe Child said to him: "Go around the

camp and tell the people: 'He-who-dreams-of-Bha'a has finished making his shield and is going to put it outside on a tripod. Fasten your lodges down solidly and gather wood and drive your horses to shelter and get ready for a storm." A good many of the people thought this ridiculous for it was about August, the hottest time of the year, the time when the berries and chokecherries were ripe, and the day was a hot sultry one with not a cloud in the sky and with no sign of a storm. A lot of the people had the lower parts of their lodges raised up to let in the breeze and were sitting inside in the shade. A good many of the people however got ready their tents as they were warned to do. 539 773

He-who-dreams-of-Bha'a, for Pipe Child had given himself that name and was henceforth to be known by it, took out his shield and got the tripod on which the Feathered Pipe hung and hung his shield thereon a good distance back of his father's lodge. Almost at once a speck of cloud appeared in the west. In no time it grew bigger and bigger. Very soon after there were signs of an approaching storm. The people hurried to get ready, but before they were ready the storm struck with a violent wind that blew over a number of the lodges. Rain poured in torrents and there was severe lightning as if just over head. So it stormed and stormed day and night for four nights. On the morning after the fourth night there was a deep snow. One of the Gros Ventre got up early that morning, looked toward the Feathered Pipe lodge and saw that there was no snow around the lodge for a good distance. And he said to the people: "Look over there. Not a flake has fallen in a circle a good distance around the Feathered Pipe lodge."

He-who-dreams-of-Bha'a always wore his shield when he went to battle. He also made four round wheels of willow, each wrapped around with buckskin and with little feathers on them. These he used to tie on his head, one on his forehead and the other three in the same row back to his occiput. He also wore as a cuff on his right wrist a tanned badger face with the mouth towards his hand. He said to the people: "Unless I am struck on the head within one of the four wheels I will not be hurt." He wore the badger face on his wrist because he was right-handed and used this right hand for everything and hence everything he did while wearing it would be supernaturally easy for him.

And so He-who-dreams enjoyed great reputation and became a renowned war chief while he was still young. He lived on and was getting to be a grown man. Many offers of marriage were made to him from other prominent families, but he always refused saying: "I am not ready yet to get married."

He-who-dreams had a specially good friend. There was a big battle and for some reason He-who-dreams was among the last to start out for it. When he arrived at the scene of battle the fighting was about over and the two contending parties were at a standstill. The Gros Ventre said to him: "You are late. The fighting is now practically over. Your friend got killed." He-who-dreams felt very bad and said: "Let me go fight

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539 773 those who killed my friend." But his relatives would not let him go. They held his horse. They were afraid for him. They felt the odds were too great against him to go alone, great warrior though he was. So he couldn't get away and was angry. Then he jumped off his horse and jerked his shield off himself, bent it out of shape across his knee and threw it to the ground in anger. It rolled away and as it rolled the ground burned, so that a burnt trail was left.

Then He-who-dreams went back home and he felt bad. His friend had been killed. The enemy had departed. All the Gros Ventre came back and went to bed. That night he dreamed that he had done a wrong thing, that he had violated something great in the way he had treated his shield, that his career was threatened with coming to an end and that he was practically done for. When he woke up he felt bad and told his father and mother about his dream. They became worried over their son.

After a while He-who-dreams began to sicken; his skin turned black; he got thinner and thinner and he lost his good looks and appearance. His father got the best medicine men to doctor him paying them big fees. Finally He-who-dreams got so weak that he had to be raised from the bed. Then he said to his father: "It is of no use to doctor me as I cannot be cured. I am going to die unless just one thing can be done." The father was glad and said to him: "What is this thing?" The son replied: "Someone must cut my hair, cutting off a little bunch on my forehead, over each ear and straight back of the head, and then I will recover." So the father was glad and he tried to get someone to do the cutting this way. But one after another refused because the father and mother and boy were special persons and everybody was afraid. So nobody would do it. The boy's father and mother were desperate because it was not permitted by their belief for the father and mother to do it for their own son and they couldn't get anybody else to do it.

After this He-who-dreams was bedridden and finally dying. He said: "I am going to die but not right away. There are four things inside my body. When they have come out I am going to die. Do not worry. Do not mourn for me. Do not shed a tear. For if certain things are done I will come back to life again. The four things inside me are: a small petrified animal with four legs (about as long as a middle finger, a thunder stone), which will come out first; a sucker; a water snake; a bird, the one I have sewed on my shield. After all four are out I shall die." Then all these four things came out: first, the thunder stone; then the fish came out alive, wriggled and died; then the water snake wriggled around a while and died; last the little bird looked out of his mouth and made a squeaking noise and died; and at this moment He-who-dreams breathed his last.

Before he died He-who-dreams had given instructions to his father and mother what to do after he died: "Leave the lodge where it is facing to the south. Lay my body on the Feathered Pipe bed with my head towards the east, the rising sun. Cover me up as if I were asleep. Fill a black pipe (but

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not the Feathered Pipe) and lay it alongside of the incense hearth with the stem to the east and the bowl to the west. Close the lodge tight, including the top-opening and the ears. You two and everyone else move away out of sight of the Feathered Pipe lodge and when you get to the new camp ground go through the smudging, smoking and singing rite gone through when I made my shield. I have one doubt, because my father, the Ruler of the Storm, will be gone. (It was the fall of the year with the leaves and the birds gone and past the season for thunderstorms.) But do not lose courage. Do what I tell you. For four nights no one shall come to look in where my body is lying. On the morning after the fourth night come. If you do all the things I tell you to do and if you hear a rumble a long ways off, this is a sign that I will come back alive again."

The father and mother did as their son had told them. They shed no tears, carried out no mourning and kept their heads and followed his other instructions. Everyone moved away from the Feathered Pipe lodge. When they reached the new camp site it was late in the evening. The father started at once to sing, smoke, and make a smudge. Just before sundown he heard thunder rumbling somewhere. He grunted the grunt of gladness: "Now my boy will come back." By nightfall the sky was overcast with clouds all over, rain came, and with it thunder and lightning as if just overhead and especially in the direction where the tent with the body of the dead son lay. The storm kept up as long as they stayed awake. The next day it continued with thunder and lightning the whole day long and into the second night so long as they stayed awake. On the third morning the storm was still on and lasted through the day and the third night. But a little after noon on the third day the sun appeared. The storm had spent itself and there was still some dripping, but it was no longer raging.

He-who-dreams had a married brother. The brother knew the orders that had been left by He-who-dreams but he was jealous of him, even to the point of stealing his wife (paramour?). So the brother got on his horse to go over to where the dead body was lying although he was not supposed to do so. When he came in sight of the Feathered Pipe lodge, from afar he saw a man standing in front of it. After taking a good look and surmising it was his brother he wheeled his horse and rode fast back to his father's camp and told his father what he had seen and done. His father rebuked him: "You should not have done this. You have killed my son, your brother."

Then a lot of people went over to look. When they reached the lodge they found the lodge door open and there lying just over the threshold with his head inside He-who-dreams, stripped except for his breech-cloth, dead. He had come to life again but because his brother had looked before it was time, he had died again. The people looked all around the lodge and they found due east from the head of He-who-dreams a spot where the grass was trampled and where lightning had struck and had run in a crooked line toward where the dead man's head was. Due south they found another like spot with a crooked chain leading toward his side. Due west a like spot and

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a chain leading toward his feet and due north another similar spot and a chain leading toward his side. The Gros Ventre always believed that the Ruler of the Storm had doctored (revived?) him and that if it had not been for what his brother had done, He-who-dreams would have come back to life as he had said. This is the only story the Gros Ventre know in which somebody who was dead came back to life. He-who-dreams was a truly great man.

(All the above happened in recent times since the Gros Ventre came to this part of the country which was previously Snake Indian country, the Snakes using rocks for pickets instead of sticks. Since that time which was, however, before the white people appeared, the Gros Ventre have believed that the Feathered Pipe was given them from above by the Bha'a because everything narrated in the preceding story happened before their very eyes.)

8. Loss and Recovery of the Flat Pipe[18]

The Gros Ventre went on and lived around this country, fighting with all the surrounding tribes, especially the Sioux and the Assiniboine. On one occasion they were camped on the White River (which empties into the Missouri R. from the south), south of the Missouri R. from the end of Bear Paw Mountains. All at once they were attacked by a great body of Sioux, Assiniboine and Cree from the east, who were determined to exterminate the Gros Ventre. The Gros Ventre were hopelessly outnumbered. A great battle was fought. For once the Gros Ventre lost the battle and with it the Flat Pipe. The Flat Pipe was captured by these enemies who took it away with them. It was the Assiniboine who had captured the Pipe. The Assiniboine who had captured the Pipe was an outstanding respectable and very wise man. He did not molest the bundle, but kept it in a prominent place in his lodge and treated it with respect. During the early part of the winter following the capture he had a dream one night. In the dream he heard the Flat Pipe talking to him and telling him it wanted to go back to its father and mother, and telling the man to bring the Pipe back to the Gros Ventre. The man paid no attention to the dream. He told nobody. He thought it was just a dream and nothing more. After a while he had another dream in which the Flat Pipe said to him: "Bring me back to my father and mother. If you do not, some grave evil will happen to your tribe,—famine, suffering, a great calamity." Still the man told nobody. In the dead of winter it kept snowing and snowing. The snow got so deep that no one could travel around in it. The people were without food and were suffering. The man had a dream again in which the Flat Pipe said to him: "If you do not bring me back to my father and mother (the Keepers) I will wipe you off the face of the earth."

Now the Assiniboine man was really alarmed. The next morning he invited all the principal Indians to his lodge to tell them about his dreams.

[18] Cf. passing reference to the incident in Kroeber, 1908, p. 274.

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His wife cooked food for them and after they had eaten and smoked, he told them about his dreams. They discussed the matter and decided that the pipe might be the cause of their suffering. It was still snowing and they could not travel. They decided that it was best to return the Flat Pipe to the Gros Ventre although they were at war with them. They felt that the Flat Pipe must be powerful otherwise it could not cause such hard times. So they told the Flat Pipe: "We are going to bring you back to your father and mother, your Keepers, so soon as the grass grows in the spring." The meeting broke up, and they all went away. 539 773

The following night the same Assiniboine man had a fourth dream in which the Flat Pipe told him: "I am glad I am going back home. The threat I made will be withdrawn for you have granted my request. Go to the top of the hills from where you are camped, and you will find four buffalo there and they will be easy to get. In three nights from the time you get them, I will send you warm winds to melt the snow so that you can get around and will not suffer so much."

The next morning the man told the people about his fourth dream. He told them he thought that the best way to get the four buffalo was to send two good men out to scout for them and to come back and report. The two men went out and came back and reported: "There are four buffalo there, a little way off." But the snow was deep and it was hard to get around, so they decided to send out enough good hunters to surround the buffalo so that whichever way the buffalo ran, they would run into armed hunters. And so they got all four buffalo and had fresh meat to eat. After three days the warm winds came and the snow left the ground. And there were plenty of other buffalo killed. Soon the people were strong again. The grass came up a little later. It was an unusually early season.

So the Assiniboine got ready and started for the Gros Ventre country. The Assinoboine man who had captured the Flat Pipe took the lead, carrying the Flat Pipe on his back. The Assiniboine found the Gros Ventre somewhere around where the latter now are. When the Gros Ventre saw the Assiniboine coming they made ready for battle, but seeing the bundle on the Assiniboine man's back, they just surrounded him without attacking. The Gros Ventre made peace with the Assiniboine on the spot. The most remarkable thing was that this peace was a lasting one, the Gros Ventre and Assiniboine never fought one another again. All this happened a long time ago and peace has lasted down to the present day. The country of the Assiniboine is to the east of the present Gros Ventre country. They have no real right here where the Gros Ventre are, but are allowed to remain here because of their returning the Flat Pipe to the Gros Ventre. The Assiniboine used to be poor, ragged, leading a miserable life with no horses and besides they had no morals and had evil ways. But the Gros Ventre saved them from the condition they were in, gave them horses and other things and made them what they are, bringing them out of their low moral condition. All this was done on account of their bringing back the Flat Pipe.

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9. Man Escapes From a Cannibal Dwarf

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One day a man was out hunting. He spied a dwarf first. So he hid as best he could and hoped to escape the notice of the dwarf. The dwarf came to where the man was hiding and discovered him. The man played dead. The dwarf was undecided what to do. "I wonder," he thought, "what has happened to this man. I wonder if he is dead." So he walked up close to the man, examined him, and concluded he was dead. Said the dwarf to himself: "I'll bring his body home and eat it."

So the dwarf put the body on his back and went off. On the way the man was trying to think up some way of escaping. From time to time the dwarf's trail led through brush. The man knew that the dwarf was not very intelligent, so took a chance and his one arm being free, with his fist he hit the dwarf in the face, hoping the dwarf would think himself hit by the brush. This the man did every time the trail led through the brush, until the dwarf became much annoyed. So the dwarf put the man down saying: "I'll break his arm. It swings and hits me catching in the brush." So the dwarf stopped and pulled on the arm. The man let his arm bend and the dwarf thought he had broken it.

The dwarf then packed the man on his shoulders and went on again. The man kept hitting the dwarf in the face as before, until soon the dwarf's eyes were closed and he could not see. So the dwarf decided to cache his load. He laid the man on top of a stump and made for home. As soon as the dwarf was out of sight, the man jumped off the stump and made his escape.

When the dwarf reached home, he said to his children: "My children, I have very good food. I cached a man back yonder. Go fetch him and we'll eat him." The children were glad and got ready. "Wait," said the father, "I'll go with you and show you the spot. We're so glad to have something to eat, we'll dance all the way over." So they danced all the way to the stump. When they got to it, there was nothing there. The dwarf was puzzled, for he thought the man was dead. They examined the stump and looked all around it. On the stump they saw some fluid (probably sap), and concluded that the man had just rotted away. So they all went back home empty-handed.

10. Found-in-the-Grass[16]

In the long ago the Gros Ventres lived in a land of many mysterious and terrible dangers. They lived in villages separated by great distances, and it

[16] This tale seems to be the most complete of any told by The Boy, probably because it was told at leisure, translated and written out by Tom Main and sent to us by mail. The first part corresponds with Kroeber, 1907, pp. 77-82, No. 19, but in our version The Boy goes on to add a number of incidents which are attributed by Kroeber's informant, Flea, to Blood-Clot (pp. 82-90, No. 20). Both of Kroeber's informants, Flea (for No. 20) and Paul Plummage (for No. 19) were of the same generations as The Boy, though of course they were young men when they gave their versions.

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was dangerous for anyone to venture out of any of the villages to get food or wood, to hunt, and especially to visit from one village to another.

During this period, there lived a Gros Ventre man and his wife who had no children. This man was a great hunter and good provider. Because he was a hunter, he was absent from his village most of the time. On one of these hunting expeditions, he was camped in a most dangerous part of the country, but game was abundant. At the time of this particular hunt, his wife was pregnant, and he took special care of her for their joy was great that now they were going to have a child. He hunted every day and sometimes was gone several days from his camp while his wife stayed alone. He cautioned and advised his wife very earnestly: "Do not answer any calls, or voices, or knocks on the lodge, even if they are cries for help, nor under any circumstances, while I am absent from home."

One day he told his wife, "I am going away to hunt in the most dangerous part of the land, but where furbearing animals are abundant. Winter is approaching and we need warm clothing for ourselves and our expected child. I shall be gone a long time. There are dangers. Remain inside of the lodge and be absolutely quiet if you hear any voices or calls, whether they be from humans or animals. If only you carry out my instructions, if you close the lodge and make it appear as if no one is at home and stay inside and be perfectly silent when you hear voices of any kind, nothing will harm or molest you."

So he got ready all the things needed for this his greatest hunt and went to the land of the furbearing animals. As soon as he was out of sight his wife immediately proceeded to fix the lodge and camp for a long siege and as she went inside she fixed the door so it would appear that no one was home.

As she sat at work on some handiwork, she heard a moaning cry for help of some one in great distress. It seemed to her that it was from a human being, but she was not sure, and she immediately put away her work and sat perfectly still. As she sat listening, the cry for help was repeated and this time it was closer to the camp. She suddenly felt a great urge to go outside and see who was in such distress and offer her help, but remembering what her husband had said about remaining inside the lodge and being perfectly silent she gave up the idea and sat and listened.

As the cry for help came ever closer to the lodge she was positive now that it was that of a human being hopelessly lost. She sat perfectly still and made up her mind that in the event that this person forced his way into the lodge and tried to harm or molest her she would struggle, fight, and defend herself even if it cost her her life. By this time the person who was lost and crying for help, stumbled onto her lodge and was groping around it as if trying to find the door. The intruder went around the lodge several times, and on each round he made he hesitated at the door and could be heard as if fumbling with it.

Finally the woman, notwithstanding her husband's command and the fact that she was alone and not in a physically fit condition to defend herself,

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out of compassion and pity for the one in great distress, threw all caution aside and spoke to this person, and directed him where the door could be found. She heard the person cry out for joy when invited by her from inside the lodge. The person removed the barriers that she had placed at the door to make it secure from intrusion, and came in the lodge.

She looked at the person as he straightened up, and saw that he was a blind and very old man. She led him to the place of honor to sit, this being the spot straight opposite the door. The blind man spoke to her kindly, and thanked her for having admitted him into her lodge. All her fears were removed as she thought that even in her condition she could handle this blind old man. Besides he seemed very kind and probably would not try to harm or molest her.

According to the custom of the Gros Ventres at that time, she immediately prepared food for him as he was very hungry and on the verge of starvation, having wandered around for a long time.

When the food was ready to be served, she put it on one of her best bowls and placed it in front of him and told him to eat it. She thought it would be wise to treat him as nicely as possible, even if he was a blind old man, because in those times no one could tell who possessed great power. The old man felt for his food and when he found that it was in this bowl, he said: "This is not the kind of bowl that I eat my food out of."

The woman now sensed that the old man was no ordinary person, so did not question his complaint, but proceeded to put the food in another bowl that she rarely used, and again placed it in front of him. He felt the bowl and said: "This is not the kind yet."

The woman then put the food in her most precious bowl made of shell. But still the old man would not eat the food, saying: "Until the food is placed on the right thing, I cannot eat it."

Then the woman in desperation wondered what she should do. So she took off one of her möccasins and put the food on it, and the old man said: "You are nearer the thing to put the food on than ever, but not yet." So being encouraged she took off one of her leggings, and placed the food on it, then gave it to the old man, but he still refused to eat saying: "You are closer than ever to placing the food on the thing that I use for a bowl."

She then took off her dress and laid it in front of the old man and put the food on it. The old man felt for his meal, and found what it was placed on and told the woman: "I am sure you will comply with my custom." He pushed the dress away with the food on it saying: "If you will only try once more to put my food on the thing that I use for a bowl, I am sure you will succeed."

So the woman pondered a long moment reviewing everything she had tried to do to please the old man. She came to the conclusion that there was one more thing she could do to please him and that was for her to place the food on her body. She then laid down on her back and placed the food he was to eat on her stomach and told him to eat. The old man exclaimed in

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a loud voice: "You have guessed what I use for a bowl, when I eat my food." The old man used his big knife to cut up the meat that was given him and she could see him slashing away.

When the old man had finished eating he told her: "Lie still a moment while I pronounce a prophecy. You are a great, courageous, and wise woman. Your renown will be heard by posterity for all time. Your descendants are destined to be among the greatest of men. Now that you have done all things well I will proceed to carry out my part in the events to come, according to my prophecy."

The woman being nude, the old man took his knife and slashed her abdomen open and felt for her womb. Finding it he found twin boys in it. He took hold of one of them and said to him: "Your name shall be Twin," and threw him to one side of the door. Then taking the other one, he said: "Your name shall be Guyahnôô," and threw him to the other side of the door.

The old man after having done this terrible job, wiped his big knife and went his way, leaving the woman lying dead.

The husband of the woman after a long but successful hunt arrived loaded down with the skins and pelts of furbearing animals. He had some on his back, and a great many on a kind of sleigh which he pulled by hand. He stopped at the door of his lodge, having a premonition that all was not well, as he had seen no sign of his wife when he came in sight, and had heard no noise inside the lodge. Having relieved himself of his great load, he called out to his wife: "Come out and see the great number of fur skins which I have brought for ourselves and our expected child."

Hearing no response, a great fear came over him. However, hoping for the best, he entered the lodge. The sight that met his eyes was not what he had expected. Everything was in utter confusion, and worst of all, his wife lay dead, slashed wide open, and nude.

His sorrow was great, and thoughts raced through his mind reviewing the events which had led up to the death of his wife. He upbraided himself for being so selfish in his desire for hunting, which had caused him to come to the most wild and dangerous regions. And now he was all alone.

Collecting himself, he tenderly lifted the body of his wife and laid it on a bed of robes and furs, the best and most rare of the land. He rearranged everything in the lodge the best he could and sat down to think things out, and try to find a way out of the situation.

After having sat a long time in deep and serious thought, he decided to remain in the same place for an indefinite time in the hope that he might avenge the brutal and shameful killing of his beloved wife. So it was his wont to go out every morning away from the lodge and cry all day long, always on the alert for some human being or animal to come within range so that he could inquire of them who it was that had killed his wife. He came back to the lodge at every sundown, and spent the night there. As time went on, this became a fixed routine which he followed every day.

One evening as he came home after having cried all day some distance

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from the lodge, he found that some of his arrows and other things were scattered around. Not giving this any serious thought, he put things back into place. This happened several times and he began to wonder who or what was taking his things, and leaving them lying around that way. He then decided to match wits with whatever was bothering his lodge and see if he could catch the one.

One day as he stepped out of his lodge he began to cry, and when he got a little way, he cupped his hands over his mouth to make his crying sound as if he were far away. Then he rushed back inside the lodge in time to see two small boys just starting to play with his arrows and things. The boys taken by surprise stood still a moment, but as he reached to get hold of them, they dashed toward the door, and one disappeared at the bottom of the pole on one side of the door and the other at the pole on the other side of the door.

He stood there very much bewildered, but he at least found out who it was that was taking his things, and he determined to catch the boys in one way or another.

The next day he did as he had done before. He cupped his hands over his mouth when he cried, and remained very close to the lodge. In a little while he heard one boy tell the other: "Our father is far away. Come out of your hiding place so that we may play."

The man made his crying as if he were far away and finally stopped, and tiptoed back to the lodge, and rushed in. This time he succeeded in catching hold of one of the boys, who fought desperately to get away, but he held him fast. The boy finally submitted to his kindness, and agreed to stay and live with him, promising not to disappear under the pole again.

After a while when he saw that the boy was used to him, he got him to promise to trick the other boy out of his hiding place so that he might also catch him. The boy agreed and the next day the man went on with his crying as usual and cupped his hands over his mouth to sound like he was far away. He gradually stopped crying and he could hear the boy he had caught coaxing the other boy out from his hiding place, but the boy in hiding refused to come out saying to his brother: "Since my father has handled you, you smell bad." But he kept on coaxing him until he finally came out, and they had just started to play when their father rushed in and caught him holding him fast till he ceased to struggle and promised to live on top of the ground with his father and twin brother.

The father was glad that now he had company, and that the twin boys were his own, they having told him so. He remained in the same place hoping that in some way the one who killed his wife would show up so that he could get revenge.

He made bows and arrows for each of his boys and told them: "When you shoot at anything do not pick up the arrows again. I will always make you new ones." He allowed them only two arrows each. The boys grew up rapidly, and they were very skillful with the bow and arrow.

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One day the boys told their father: "Make a sweat-lodge. Face it toward the east, and leave a little opening at the top. Dig a little pit directly in front of the sweat lodge, and gather some stones to heat them there. Then dig another small pit inside the lodge exactly in the center of it. After having heated the stones, cover the sweat-lodge and carry the body of your wife and lay it down with the head to the north, on the west side of the lodge."

The man hastily did all these things and when he had done everything as told, he announced to his boys: "Everything is ready." They came each carrying the bow and arrow that he had made for them. The boys told their father: "Transfer the stones from the pit outside to the one inside the lodge and leave the flap open while we pray." He did as told, and the boys standing one on each side of the door of the lodge facing east, raised up their eyes toward the sky, and in a loud voice invited the Supreme Being to come and join in the sweating ceremony, so that what they wanted to do might be successful.

After having prayed, they told their father: "Pour water on the hot stones and close the lodge."

Then after this one of the boys took one of his arrows, and shot it straight up in the air, at the same time saying: "Look out, my mother, the arrow is coming down and it might fall on and hurt you if you do not move."

The boys then told their father: "Open the sweat-lodge, and pour more water on the stones, and then close it again." After the lodge was closed the boy shot his other arrow up in the air repeating the words he said when he shot his first arrow, and this time, they all saw the lodge moving.

Again the father was told: "Open the lodge and pour more water on the stones then after having done so, close it."

The other boy then shot one of his arrows in the air saying the same words that his brother had said, and this time, the lodge shook violently.

The fourth and last time the lodge was opened by the father, and more water was poured on the stones and the lodge was closed again. The boy shot his second arrow in the air saying the same words as before, and as the arrow hit the ground very near the lodge, their mother rushed out alive from the west side of the lodge and came to her husband and the twin boys greeting them.

Now they were all together and happy, and they continued to stay where they were, while the father went on with his hunting.

One day while their father was out on a hunt, the boys wandered away from the lodge to try their skill with the bow and arrow. They saw a prairie chicken, and they shot at it missing all of their shots. The chicken would not fly away and one of the boys in his eagerness to shoot again, ran to pick up one of the arrows which they had already shot, for the time being forgetting the rule laid down by their father not to pick an arrow up again, and before his brother could stop him he shot at the chicken again. Immediately there arose a mighty wind, and the boys, frightened, rushed back to the lodge for shelter. One boy succeeded in getting inside, but the other boy was blown up in the air with the door of the lodge held fast in his hands.

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He blew around in the sky for a long time, and finally came back to earth and landed in a spot thick with tall grass. Not knowing what else to do he settled down in the grass, and covered himself with the door flap of the lodge, which he still had in his hands. He laid there many days not daring to venture around, for he was in a strange land.

One day as he lay in the grass languishing he heard voices coming in his direction. He crouched down motionless and listened. He now heard talking and it was Gros Ventre. These people were from a big village which was nearby, and they were out cutting grass for their horses. An old woman came nearer and nearer to where he was lying, finally finding him. She was very glad to have found a boy and talked most kindly to him, and invited him to live in her lodge saying: "I will adopt you and be your grandmother."

So the boy went along with the old woman to the village and lived there with her.

He eventually grew up to young manhood amidst many hardships and dangers, for the Gros Ventres in this village were poor due to the many dangers which existed and which prevented them from hunting at will and from moving around to follow the game.

It came to pass that a beautiful black fox was frequently seen near and around the village. Since its appearance, the people began to miss their hard-earned meat and other things such as raw hides, ropes, and sinew with which their travois were bound together.

The people tried in every way to catch the black fox, setting out snares and traps, but the fox was too cunning for them.

The fox stole meat and chewed up rawhide and sinew to such an extent, that he was a real menace to them and to everything that was left outside for the night. It even went inside the lodges and stole meat.

Finally the chief of the tribe called one of the criers of the village, and told him: "Announce to the people that I am offering a great reward for the man who will catch the fox. The reward is my oldest daughter." She was the most beautiful girl in the village. "Whoever catches and kills the fox is to bring it to my lodge immediately, and on the spot he will take my daughter and have her for a wife."

Most all the young men began trying to catch the fox, but failed.

After a time, the boy who was found in the grass told his grandmother he wished to try for the reward, telling her: "Make a trap as I shall direct."

The old woman, being much attached to the boy, did not raise any question, but proceeded to make a trap according to his instructions. When she finished it, he told her: "Set it just outside the door of our lodge." She did as told and went to sleep for the night.

The boy, who was now a young man, remained awake most of the night, and went to see the trap a number of times. Toward daylight, he became sleepy and lay down to sleep until his grandmother woke him, saying: "The trap is sprung, but there is no fox in it."

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He went out, and examined the trap closely, and found some black hair stuck onto it in places. He told his grandmother: "I am sure I caught the fox in my trap, but it must have been stolen by someone while we slept." The old woman shared his opinion, and they discussed it for some time.

The young man at length told his grandmother: "Go to the chief's lodge, and inquire whether or not anyone has brought the fox."

His grandmother agreed, and upon inquiry was told: "Crow [a bird] brought the fox at daylight, and he claimed the reward, and was given the chief's oldest daughter."

The old woman returned, and told her grandson all about this. After some thought he sent her back to the chief telling her to insist and demand that rightfully the reward was his, as he was positive now that he had trapped the fox, but that it had been stolen by Crow. Then the old woman went back to the chief's lodge, and told him what her grandson had said.

The chief believed the old woman and her grandson, and said: "Since Crow has already taken my oldest daughter and has her in his lodge, I cannot take her back. But I am willing to let the young man have my second oldest daughter. She is beautiful like her sister and is old enough to be married."

The old woman once more returned to her own lodge, and told her grandson what the chief had said. The young man considered it at some length and asked his grandmother's advice. She advised him to take the second reward and told him that in order to keep peace it would be well to do so.

The young man agreed and they got ready to receive the chief's second daughter and the old woman went after her and brought her to her lodge. So the matter of rewarding the one that killed the fox was settled.

It came to pass that all the members of the tribe were out of meat and other food and were on the verge of starvation on account of the dangers that existed which kept the people from hunting freely. The chief, fearing that his tribe would starve, sent his wife, the mother of the wife of Crow, to tell him to go out and stalk and run buffalo into the buffalo run so that the people could have meat to eat.

The wife of the chief did as told, and Crow sent word back by her for the chief to announce to the people: "I am going out at daybreak to run buffalo." The people hearing this announced by the crier were glad and made ready to help Crow run buffalo, and various ones were detailed by the chief to sit at each mound and scare the game into the buffalo run.

At daylight, those who were detailed sat at the mounds. They sat there all day and when it was evening, they went back home, and heard that Crow had not succeeded in driving the buffalo into the run. The people were very much disappointed, and Crow said: "I will try again next day," but he failed the same as he had done the first day.

All this time the young man, who was married to the second daughter of the chief, was not heard of, and he was very ugly and unkempt. But since Crow had failed to run the buffalo and had given up, the young man sent

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his grandmother to the chief for him to detail men to sit at the mounds while he would run the buffalo. The old woman did as told, and the chief complied with the order and sent men to the mounds.

The young man struck out at daylight to run the buffalo and when he got away out from the village and in line with the buffalo run and the mounds, he gathered together some buffalo chips and said to them: "You turn into live buffalo and go into the runs so that my people may eat," and immediately the chips became buffalo. Then plucking a certain kind of grass he said to it: "You turn into a live but mangy and poor buffalo and join in the run and when you get to the pitfall you manage so that one of your hind legs gets caught in the corral." And the grass became a live but mangy buffalo and joined in the run.

The young man after having started the buffalo into the run between the mounds, followed behind. When he arrived at the pitfall and corral, he found that the hunt was very successful and that the people were busy skinning the animals and were happy but were inquiring among themselves who it was that had run the buffalo in.

The young man stood listening to them and after a while told them that it was he who had done it, and that henceforth they were to call him Found-in-the-Grass.

After the people were all through, he went after his grandmother to come and get some of the meat. When she arrived at the pitfall, he told her to look for a buffalo caught on the corral. The old woman looking around, saw an old and mangy bull and remarked that it was very poor. Found-in-the-Grass loosened the bull and gave it a good kick on the rump and immediately it became a fat buffalo in its prime. They both skinned the bull and cut up the meat in pieces so that it could be brought to their lodge easily.

Found-in-the-Grass sought out a certain intestine and filled it with the blood of the bull, tying both ends securely so that the blood would not spill. Then he fixed the intestine with thongs ready to pack. He and his grandmother then packed the meat to their lodge, but he forbade his wife to help, telling her: "On the last trip you are to help carry the intestine fillled with blood and the three of us are to walk in single file, my grandmother first, you next, and I last."

While they were packing the meat home the wife waited at the pitfall as she had been told, and as she turned around she saw Crow perched on the corral, and she noticed her sister, the wife of Crow, struggling with many heads of buffalo and putting them in a pile. She asked her sister the meaning of this and was told: "Since Crow is a scavenger and is not particular what he eats and since the people no longer have respect for him as having failed to run the buffalo, I am giving him only the heads as his share."

Found-in-the-Grass and his grandmother came back to the pitfall and were getting ready for the last trip when his wife remarked about Crow's share of the hunt. Crow, hearing this, was very angry and flew around up in the air scolding his tormentors, and his wife was very much ashamed

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Found-in-the-Grass and his grandmother and his wife stood in single file ready to go, and his wife took up the intestine and loaded it on her back as he had told her. Crow and his wife watched in admiration as the party went on the march. They were still watching and saw Found-in-the-Grass punch a hole in the intestine with an arrow and the blood spilled all out and over his wife and she immediately became most beautiful and fully matured.

The wife of Crow became very jealous over the good fortune of her sister, and also very sad because of the way in which she had become the wife of Crow.

Every family of the entire village had all the meat they wanted, and was happy that now they were saved from starvation, and the women were busy slicing and jerking the meat. This required many days to do, as the run and hunt was the greatest ever known to the Gros Ventres.

During this time the wife of Found-in-the-Grass confided to her mother that sometimes her husband was most handsome and smelled like the rarest of perfumes. She was very much worried about this, as just when she was about to get a hold of her handsome husband, he would turn to the same ugly and unkempt man that he always was. The mother advised her daughter: "Say nothing of this to anyone, but have confidence in your husband. He has just managed the greatest hunt and run ever known. All will be well if only you have perseverance."

The mother of the wife of Crow overheard this conversation and told her daughter about it, and it was soon known by all the people in the village. One day the wife of Found-in-the-Grass was visiting her sister, and the conversation soon turned to Found-in-the-Grass, how he would turn into a most handsome man, but when the sun rose again, he would still be the ugly and unkempt man he always was. The wife of Crow doubted this, saying: "My sister is very young. Maybe she had a nightmare or imagined it." So saying she got up and went to the lodge of her brother-in-law to see for herself.

She arrived there and finding Found-in-the-Grass to be the same ugly and unkempt man, she proceeded to call him all kinds of names and to make fun of him. After having shown all her scorn, she added: "It is most shameful of you to fool my young and innocent sister and for that matter all the rest of the people. It is a shame to acquire cheap notoriety and renown. But you will never succeed as you are not powerful enough to do it." Found-in-the-Grass said nothing, but bore all this tongue lashing from his sister-in-law.

The wife of Crow went back to her lodge and finding her sister still there, advised her: "Leave and separate from your husband, as there is nothing to all this talk about him being a most handsome man at times. In the event he is successful in his attempt to be powerful, in all probability he will be an evil one and will perhaps try to destroy the whole Gros Ventre tribe." But the wife of Found-in-the-Grass went back to her husband and resolved to stay with him, no matter what the cost or how ugly he was and notwithstanding her sister's advice to leave him.

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At this time the meat was all being jerked and was partly dry, and Found-in-the-Grass sent his wife to her father, the chief, to tell him to detail men to sit at the mounds and help him run the buffalo again the next day. The chief when told this by his daughter was glad and proceeded to place men at the mounds to run the buffalo. Found-in-the-Grass did as before, going out at daybreak and gathering buffalo chips and commanding them to turn into buffalo and also the certain kind of grass to turn into a mangy and poor buffalo and join in the run. As at the first run he followed the buffalo and arrived at the pitfall finding the people busy skinning the animals. And as before he called his grandmother to come and help him to skin the mangy buffalo caught in the corral by a hind leg. And as before, he sought out the certain intestine and filled it with blood and fixed it up to pack.

Crow and his wife were gathering the heads together as before, and as his wife looked with contempt on her brother-in-law, the latter suddenly turned into the most handsome man she ever saw. Then and there she made up her mind to woo him away from her sister and to have him for her husband.

By this time Found-in-the-Grass and his grandmother and wife were getting ready to make the last trip packing meat to his lodge and were forming in single file. Not being able to stand it any longer, the older sister rushed to his side and implored him to allow her to pack the intestine filled with blood instead of her sister, so that she too would become most beautiful when the blood spilled out over her as he punched it with his arrow. Found-in-the-Grass granted her request and ordered her to get in line, behind her sister, and loaded the intestine on her back. After they had gone a little way, he punched the intestine and the blood spilled out all over his sister-in-law, but instead of her becoming beautiful as she had expected, she became most ugly and loathsome and was horrible to look at.

When she fully recovered from what had happened to her, she was most ashamed and did not know what to do. She appealed to her husband Crow for him to show his power, but all in vain for he had no power, but was instead hopping around picking up scraps of meat and blood and paid no attention to his wife. Found-in-the-Grass then told his sister-in-law: "Go your way and out of sight, and mind your own business hereafter."

So it was that Found-in-the-Grass came to the rescue of the desperate situation that this village of Gros Ventres was in and in fact saved them from extermination as now there was no immediate need to hunt or run the buffalo as they were supplied with a great quantity of meat, sinew, bones, and other things needed, and the people were most happy.

After a time Found-in-the-Grass told his wife and grandmother: "I am going visiting at the next village of Gros Ventres." The grandmother was worried and told him: "It is most dangerous for any one to visit or be out alone, as between the two villages and on the only trail which must be followed, there is a big and powerful wolf that no one can escape once the wolf sees him. The wolf once it sights anyone opens his powerful jaws and draws him into his open mouth with a mysterious power the person is unable

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to get away from, and swallows him up. Besides, in the event that the person escapes from the big wolf and arrives at the next village, there is there a man, whom every stranger is forced to listen to telling myths and when he falls asleep listening to him, this man puts a flat stone under his head and hits him on the head with a stone hammer, killing him. Therefore you must not leave this village, as you are now married, and besides, you should have no further ambition, as you are now the most renowned one of the entire village. Then too, I am greatly attached to you, having reared you up from childhood since the time I found you in the grass."

Found-in-the-Grass gently told his wife and grandmother: "Calm down and do not worry about me. I am now a full grown man and am not afraid of anything. I am determined to make this visit in spite of the dangers you tell about."

So, unable to discourage him, the women made much pemmican and fat for him to take along and eat on the way as the village was very far away and it took many days to reach it. So everything being ready for his use,—weapons, food, clothing,—Found-in-the-Grass struck out on his visit to the next village.

After he was gone many days from his village, he came to a rise of ground and in a clearing in the trail, he saw a great wolf, and remembering what his grandmother had said about the wolf, he cautiously approached, and when the wolf saw him, he opened his jaws and big mouth and at that instant Found-in-the-Grass felt the power of the wolf and was drawn into his mouth and swallowed up. But he had prepared for this and the moment he found himself in the stomach of the wolf, he slashed away right and left, and soon the wolf fell down dead. Found-in-the-Grass came out unharmed and upon examination found many human bones in the stomach of the wolf. He took all the bones out and put them in a pile, and he said to them: "Get up, you weaklings, and go back to the village from which you came," and immediately several persons appeared whole and alive, and each went his way.

Found-in-the-Grass continued on his way and after a time came in sight of a large village of Gros Ventres. He circled the camp several times and finally decided to enter an old woman's lodge. She welcomed him and invited him to sit in the place of honor, also telling him that she had heard of his fame and she called him by name and seemed to know all about him.

He told her: "I have come a long way and have run out of food. I am very hungry. Give me something to eat."

She told him: "I am glad that you have escaped the big wolf on the trail. But it is not safe for strangers to be in the village as there is a man here who forces them to listen to him tell myths, and when they fall asleep he kills them with his stone hammer. Besides, the people in this village are very poor and do not have much to eat, as it is most dangerous to leave the village and hunt on account of the many dangers which exist here." And she urged him to leave and go his way after she fed him her only piece of meat, which she took out from under her bed and cooked for him.

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He told the old woman: "Do not worry about me. I am a man and can take care of myself at all times." He ate only a small portion of the meat given him and told the old woman to eat the rest of it.

Soon the sun went down and night came on, and as was expected, the man who told myths by night invited Found-in-the-Grass: "Come to my lodge. I will tell you myths and put you to sleep. You have come a long way and must be tired out." After the man had the crier make his invitation several times, Found-in-the-Grass went to his lodge, and was invited to sit in the place of honor, and the man began to tell him myths. The man told him myths far into the night and several times asked him: "Are you sleepy?" "I am," he said, "but I am trying to remain awake, as the myths are very interesting."

The man told him: "Go to sleep whenever you wish. I shall tell myths until you go to sleep. Then I will put you to bed and cover you with robes so you will not be cold."

Found-in-the-Grass pretended to be very sleepy, closing his eyes, but watched the man through slits to see what he was going to do. After a time, he pretended to be sleeping and snoring. The man touched him to make sure, and then got his flat stone putting it under his head, and was just taking hold of the stone hammer, when Found-in-the-Grass suddenly jumped up and asked the man: "What are you doing?" The man, taken completely by surprise, lost his balance and before he could regain it, Found-in-the-Grass shot him full of arrows and killed him.

Then he looked around in the lodge and noticed a pile of something covered with robes. Throwing them back he discovered that the pile was a mass of human bones, some of them old and bleached and others not so old but showing that it was of ones recently killed by the man.

Found-in-the-Grass had great compassion on the ones whose bones lay there and thought how unfortunate they had been to be forced to listen to the man who told myths and falling asleep to be killed by him. He then spoke thus: "Get up and come alive, you weaklings and cowards. Go back to your various villages," and immediately they were whole and alive again and went their way.

He then went back to the lodge of the old woman and remained there for the night.

The next day he sent the old woman to the chief of the village, to tell him to place men at the mounds, that he would run the buffalo. The old woman came back, saying: "The chief is glad and will tell the criers to announce to the people about the run." The criers were heard in every direction, announcing about the run and the people were glad.

Found-in-the-Grass left the old woman's lodge at daybreak to run the buffalo. He repeated the procedure in running the buffalo as at his own village, using chips and the certain grass for the mangy one. He ran the buffalo twice as before and the old woman got the mangy one as her share, and the people were saying: "This is the greatest run we have ever known."

After a while he told the old woman: "I am going on to the next village."

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The old woman said: "The trail is dangerous, as on the only crossing at the big river which cannot be avoided, there is a water monster, that is used for a bridge. Travelers get on his head, holding themselves on by his horns, and when the monster gets to midstream, he dives into deep water drowning those who ride on his head. Besides, in the event that one escapes the monster and succeeds in getting to the next village, there is a gambler there, whose name is Crooked Bull who forces strangers and travelers to play with him, shooting arrows at the wheel. Crooked Bull has a bad temper and when anyone beats him at this game too much, he suddenly turns into a buffalo bull and gores his victim to death."

Found-in-the-Grass told the old woman: "Do not worry about me. I can take care of myself at all times. I am a grown man now and am not afraid of anything."

So, in spite of the entreaties and warnings of the old woman, Found-in-the-Grass struck out on the trail leading to the next village of Gros Ventres.

After traveling many days through the forest he came to a big river and remembering what the old woman said about the monster, approached the shore cautiously, and sure enough a big water monster was there, asleep. He got up on his head and got a hold of the big horns and the monster turned around and began to swim across the river. Before the monster dived to deep water, Found-in-the-Grass stabbed him to death and he sank down, making the water red with his blood, while Found-in-the-Grass swam to the opposite shore safe.

He stood on the shore and in a loud voice said: "All those who were drowned by the monster and who hear my voice shall come alive." As he said this, a great number of persons came out of the water, alive, saying: "We are the ones who have been tricked by the monster and drowned." He told them: "Go back to your villages," and he went on his way. He picked up a knotty limb of a tree on the trail and used it for a cane.

After some time he came in sight of a large village and entering it found and heard the Gros Ventre language spoken there. He sought and found an old woman's lodge and entered it. The old woman invited him to sit in the place of honor and said: "My grandson, Found-in-the-Grass, I am glad to see you, and I have heard many good things about you and you are welcome in my lodge, but how did you escape the water monster on the way? And why did you come here to this village, for we are very poor and are at the point of starvation, and besides, there is a man here whose name is Crooked Bull with whom strangers must shoot at the wheel and gamble. His temper is bad and he kills at the slightest provocation when angered."

He told the old woman how he had stabbed the monster to death and how he brought back all those who had been drowned at the river, and said: "I am not afraid of Crooked Bull, the gambler, nor of anyone else. Give me something to eat, for I am hungry, not having eaten for several days."

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So, she reached under her bed of robes and got the only piece of meat she had, and cooked it for him to eat. He ate only a small piece of it and gave the rest back to the woman, telling her to eat it.

Soon a crier was heard summoning Found-in-the-Grass to go to the lodge of Crooked Bull the gambler and shoot the wheel and test his skill with arrows. After a while, he went to Crooked Bull's lodge and found that a crowd had gathered there to watch the game of shooting arrows at the wheel, that was to take place between them.

So they started to shoot arrows at the wheel and Crooked Bull was winning all bets put up by Found-in-the-Grass, until the latter was almost naked, having lost nearly everything of his, including the clothes he had on. Crooked Bull taunted him to the merriment of the crowd, until the game seemed to turn in the favor of Found-in-the-Grass, and then Crooked Bull began to get mad and to roar like distant thunder. Found-in-the-Grass was winning steadily now, and in turn Crooked Bull had lost nearly everything, and when they were rolling the wheel for the finals, Crooked Bull suddenly turned into a young and powerful buffalo and was pawing the earth, letting out bellows that sent the onlookers to cover. The bull suddenly rushed at Found-in-the-Grass to gore him to death, but at the same instant the latter disappeared.

A down feather was seen by the people floating in the air, while the bull was raging, bellowing and pawing the ground, having missed its victim. The feather landed close by the bull and it was Found-in-the-Grass who had turned into a feather. He told the bull: "Your end has come. Your taking of human lives is at an end. I am going to wipe you off the face of the earth." So saying he sent many arrows into the bull before he had time to change again, and killed him.

He went into the lodge of Crooked Bull and found a heap of human bones there. He commanded the ones whose bones they were: "Come back to life and go back to the villages from which you came." Immediately many humans came alive and went to their several villages.

Found-in-the-Grass went back to the lodge of the old woman and told her to go tell the chief of the village to send men to the mounds as on the morrow he would run the buffalo. The old woman did as told, and soon criers were heard announcing to the people that Found-in-the-Grass, the man who had killed Crooked Bull, was to run the buffalo next day.

Found-in-the-Grass struck out at daybreak for the mounds to run the buffalo. This he did two times as at the two previous villages, always using chips which turned into buffalo at his bidding and the certain grass for the mangy one which the old woman with whom he stayed got for herself alone.

The people were very glad that he had come to their village as in the nick of time he had saved them from extermination by starvation and had rid the country of the undesirables, the water monster, the Crooked Bull, the gambler. The chief of the village offered him his oldest and very beautiful daughter in marriage, also his office as chief, but he refused all

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saying: "In the first place, I have a wife in a village far away, and moreover I have no desire to be a chief."

After a while, he told the old woman: "Now since the people in this village have all the meat they need, and all dangers are gone and they can hunt and run the buffalo in peace, I am going on my way to the next village of Gros Ventres."

The old woman was alarmed at this and told him: "This is a dangerous and fatal thing to do, as on the only trail to the next village and one which can not be avoided, there is a big tree, which falls on and crushes to death anyone who goes under it. Besides if one succeeds in passing this tree unharmed and arrives at the next village, there is a man there with whom travelers and strangers must play football by force. And if the man is beaten at this game by anyone, he kicks him to death with a sharp iron into which one of his legs turns when he is angered."

He told the old woman: "Do not worry over me. I am a grown man and can take care of myself in any situation."

So saying, Found-in-the-Grass made ready for travel and left the village for the trail to the other village, taking with him the knotty tree limb, which he had picked up on the way.

After traveling many days, he came upon a place on the trail that was very narrow and a big tree stood along side, by which one had to pass to go on the trail. He approached the tree cautiously and when he came directly under it, he jumped back to safety, as the tree crashed to the ground and was broken up to pieces, not having anything to fall on. The tree tried to get itself together again, but failed, as it was broken up into too many pieces, and besides Found-in-the-Grass threw the pieces in every direction and they were unable to come back together.

After the big tree died, Found-in-the-Grass called out in a loud voice and commanded: "All you who lie dead under the ground and who were killed by the tree, come back to life." Many dead humans heard him and stood there alive and well again. He told them: "Go back to your villages," and they went their several ways.

He continued on the trail many more days and finally came in sight of a large village. He entered it and looked for an old woman's lodge. Finding one, he entered it, and was welcomed by the old woman and invited by her to sit in the place of honor.

The old woman wondered how he had escaped the big tree on the trail and was worried that although he escaped the tree, there was another evil element to which he was exposed and that was to play football by force with a man in the village who when beaten killed people to death with a large iron, into which one of his legs turned when he was angered.

He told the old woman: "Do not worry as I mean to take care of myself. Give me some food as I am hungry."

The old woman said that the people in this village were at the point of starvation not being able to hunt nor run the buffalo on account of the dan-

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gers which existed in their land, but she reached under her bed and produced a little piece of meat and cooked it and gave it to him to eat. He ate only a little of it and gave the rest back to her and told her to eat it.

Soon a crier was heard calling him to the place where football was played and telling him to go there and play with the man. He went after a while, taking with him the knotty tree limb he had carried.

The game was a lively one and many people were there to watch. After a while Found-in-the-Grass was winning the game and the people began to laugh at the man whose leg turned into a sharp iron when he was angered. Now, the game was approaching its end, and Found-in-the-Grass was winner by far over the man, who suddenly flew into a rage, and made for him to kick him to death with his sharp iron leg. As the man kicked at him, Found-in-the-Grass threw the knotty tree limb in the way and the man's iron leg plunged into it and was securely fastened to it. The man could not remove his iron leg from the limb, and this angered him very much, while the people were having a good laugh at his misfortune. Found-in-the-Grass blew his breath on him and he raised in the air, sailing around and finally lighting on top of a large tree.

The man could not untangle himself and was furious but helpless. Found-in-the-Grass finally shot him to death with many arrows and the man's relatives did not bother about removing him from the tree top but left him there where his body withered away.

Found-in-the-Grass asked the people to direct him to the lodge of the man he just killed. On being shown the lodge, he entered it and to his amazement found it about filled with human bones. He commanded those whose bones lay there: "Come back to life," and as he said that, many humans came to life. He told them: "Go back to your villages," and they went their way.

He went back to the lodge of the old woman and told her to go and tell the chief of the village to send men to the mounds, that he was going to run the buffalo. The old woman went as told and soon criers were heard telling the people that Found-in-the-Grass was running buffalo the next day.

This he did two times and used buffalo chips and the certain kind of grass for the mangy buffalo, which the old woman got as her share each time, the same as before.

The people were now very happy, having plenty of meat and material for their various tools, weapons, and travois. They made new bow strings from the fresh sinew and also mended the feathers on their arrows.

Found-in-the-Grass stayed with the old woman and helped her with some of her work, hanging jerked meat, mashing bone to be boiled for grease and to be used in making pemmican.

When all this was done, he told the old woman: "I am going on to the next village to visit there." She told him: "You had better not, as on the way over there, and on the only trail and crossing at the river, a buffalo head is used for a ferry and most times this head sinks in the middle of the river, drowning those who ride on it, and even if one manages to avoid the

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buffalo head and get to the village, there is a big bear there with one white forearm, who dominates the people there and she has great power. If anyone dares to interfere with the bear, she points her white forearm at them at any distance and they drop dead on the spot." He told her: "Do not worry about me, for I am a grown man and am not afraid of anybody or anything."

So saying he took the trail leading to the next village of Gros Ventres. After many days traveling, he came to a big river, and on the shore and half in the water lay a bleached buffalo head. He said to himself: "This must be the head the old woman mentioned that is used as a ferry." He stepped on the head and it immediately moved into the water. As he felt the head sinking, he leaped off of it as quickly as he could and saw the head sink into deep water and it did not come up. He was satisfied that, as the head reached bottom without any human load on it, the water monster who lived under the water was angry and destroyed the head, for it did not appear on the surface any more.

He then faced toward the sunrise and said in a loud voice: "Come out from the bottom of the water and out of the stomach of the water monster, all you who have been tricked by the buffalo head." As he finished talking thus, a great many human beings, young and old, male and female, came up from the bottom of the water and out of the stomach of the water monster, until they were almost enough to make a tribe. He then commanded them: "Go back to the villages from which you came," and continued on his way.

After many more days of traveling, he came in sight of a large village. Circling it, he saw an old lodge pitched on the edge of the circle. He entered and found an old woman sitting there scraping the inside of a buffalo hide. She looked up and greeted him and invited him to sit in the place of honor. Calling him by his name she asked him: "Where are you going and how did you escape from all the dangers on the trail?" He told her: "I have come a long way. I have taken many moons to get here from where I started. I have killed all the evil ones along the way."

He asked her: "Why are you scraping the hide?" She said: "I was so hungry, I was trying to get enough off of the hide to boil and eat." He said to her: "If that is all you have to eat, go on scraping and get enough for two, as I am very hungry myself, not having eaten for a long time."

The old woman scraped enough of the hide for both of them and they ate and drank the soup she made from the scrapings.

After they had eaten, he told her to go and tell the chief of the village to place men at the mounds and help him run the buffalo. The old woman protested, saying: "It will do no good to run the buffalo, as the bear with the white forearm will take all the meat and bones, as is her wont when game and meat are brought in. And if anyone has enough courage to interfere with her, she points the white forearm at him and he dies immediately." Found-in-the-Grass told the old woman to go tell the chief what he said and not mind the bear.

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773 Finally the old woman went to the lodge of the chief to tell him what Found-in-the-Grass had ordered but she had little belief that it would do any good. The chief upon hearing this was glad and directed the criers to announce to the people this matter, and he also detailed men to sit at the mounds and help run the buffalo. The people upon hearing this announcement were very glad but at the same time very fearful that the bear would be angered, as it was the order at this village for the bear to say when game was to be gotten.

The bear upon hearing the criers flew into a rage and she growled, roared and rolled around, saying: "Whoever gave the order to run the buffalo before time will pay for it with his life. Besides, I and my cubs will take all the meat and bones as usual."

This being an exceptionally large village and hence requiring a great number of animals to supply all with meat and bones, Found-in-the-Grass left at midnight, instead of at daylight as he had done at the other villages, for the mounds and run. He gathered a great amount of buffalo chips and commanded them to turn into buffalo and they did as told and went into the run between the mounds and toward the pitfall. Then he took the special kind of grass for the mangy bull and ordered it to join in the run and fall last into the corral and manage so that one hind leg would be caught there and wait till he came.

He followed behind as usual and arriving at the pitfall and corral noticed that some of the people were packing the meat to a large lodge while others were skinning and cutting and putting thongs through the meat to pack. He gave this no serious thought but wondered, and as usual he went after the old woman to come and get her share. She protested, saying: "The bear will surely kill me if I take meat before I am told by the bear." He urged her to come and not be afraid of the bear or anyone else, as he would be with her all the time and would protect her.

So, with great fear, she went with him to the pitfall and corral to skin the mangy bull. Arriving there, he loosened the bull from where its hind leg was caught on the corral and gave it a good kick on the rump, and it became a fat bull in its prime. The old woman, notwithstanding her fear of the bear, was glad and helped him skin and fix up the meat to pack to her lodge. The pitfall and corral were deserted by the people, save for the two of them and the two cubs of the bear who were chewing up and licking up the scraps and blood left there.

They noticed that one of the cubs disappeared for a while, and when it came back, said: "My mother, the big bear, orders that you two bring the meat to her lodge." Found-in-the-Grass sent the old woman to the lodge of the bear to tell the bear that he did not intend to carry out or obey her order. The old woman protested saying: "The bear will surely point her white forearm at me and kill me."

Found-in-the-Grass told her: "Do not worry or be afraid, but go tell the bear what I said. If you refuse to do as I say, I will kill you anyway." So,

3: Cooper E-5 (1938-1940) 1957
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the old woman went to tell the bear what he said, realizing there was no use to refuse, as it meant instant death from the hands of Found-in-the-Grass and there might be some escape from the bear.

When the bear heard from the old woman what he had said, she was very angry and told the old woman: "Go back and tell him to do as I wish before I go myself to enforce my rule."

The poor old woman went back and forth between the pitfall and corral four times and the last time the bear came with her to the scene to see for herself who it was that was defying her. As she approached the corral, she saw a pile of meat at the feet of Found-in-the-Grass. She stopped some distance away, and called out to him: "Pack the meat to my lodge. I have come out to see that my rule is carried out."

He paid no heed to her demand and she said: "If you refuse me four times in succession, I will be forced to treat you like all others who interfered with me." But he paid no attention to her. The fourth and last time she ordered him to pack the meat to her lodge and he still paid no attention. She then called out to him and as he straightened up from his work, she raised her white forearm and pointed it at him, but instead of killing him as it had killed all others before him, the arm of the bear broke off from her body.

She howled and growled so loud that she was heard all over the great village. She then raised up her other forearm and pointed it at him but it broke off the same as her other arm had done.

Found-in-the-Grass then took one of the kidneys of the bull and spoke to the bear who was rolling in rage and pain, and he said to her: "Look at me. I will show you how to kill by pointing but you will not live to use it on anything." So saying he pointed the kidney at the bear as she looked, and she rolled over dead.

The cubs ran around whimpering, and he said to them: "Go back to the forest and the animal world. That is where you belong, not among human beings." The cubs ran away and disappeared into the deep forest and were seen no more.

Found-in-the-Grass and the old woman packed the meat of the bull to her lodge amidst great rejoicing. Then the meat that was in the lodge of the bear was divided up among the people, and the slaves who worked for the bear were freed and told to go back to the clans from which they had been drafted. The people were most happy, as they were saved from sure starvation by Found-in-the-Grass; besides he had killed the bear and had run her cubs out to the forest and had freed the slaves.

When the meat was partly dry, he sent the old woman to the chief again, to tell him: "Send men to the mounds and help me run buffalo once more. This time nothing will interfere with or bother the people. They will have all the meat to themselves hereafter." The old woman told the chief and he told the criers to announce that to the people.

Found-in-the-Grass followed the same procedure as before in running the

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buffalo. The chief offered him his oldest and very beautiful daughter and his office as chief, but he refused all, saying: "I have a wife far away. I have been absent from her for a long time. I am going back to live with her."

So Found-in-the-Grass marched back in great triumph, through the villages to the village of his adoption, to his wife and his grandmother. He had destroyed all the things both human and animal which made traveling unsafe. He also taught all the people the art of running the buffalo, and he invented the trap which caught the black fox. (This trap was, according to tradition, a samson-post deadfall.) He ruled his village with great wisdom for many years. Thus, the prophecy pronounced by the blind old man who cut open and killed his mother came to pass.

11. Blood-Clot[15]

A long time ago when the Gros Ventres used still to make earthen dishes, there was an old couple who had three or four daughters. All the daughters were married to one man. Their husband used to leave the rest of the people and go hunting to accumulate meat and would take his father-in-law and mother-in-law along. He was a good hunter. The old father-in-law used to help him skin the game, carry the meat and so forth. But the man would never give his parents-in-law any but one little piece of meat. So the old people lived on the verge of starvation all the time. Their youngest daughter used to steal meat for them from her husband occasionally, she and they concealing the fact, and so things went along.

Once while the old father-in-law was helping his son-in-law to skin, he had his eye on quite a pool of blood and made up his mind to take it home and eat it. By the time they were ready to leave, the pool of blood had so hardened that it could be picked up. The old man let his son-in-law go ahead but the son-in-law saw the old man putting something away and asked him: "What did you pick up?" "Nothing" the old man answered. "I was only fixing up my belt."

So the old man brought the blood clot home and said to his old woman [his wife]: "Fix up the earthen pot and the fire and cook this clot." As the clot came to a boil he heard a baby crying in the pot. "There is a baby," said the man. "Get him out and we will have him for our own." They took him out of the pot of boiling water. He was a little boy and they were very glad.

When the son-in-law heard the baby crying he sent his youngest wife to see if it was a boy or girl. "If it is a girl," he said, "I will take her for my wife." So she went to her parents and asked them: "Is the baby a boy or a girl?" The old couple were not afraid of this daughter, for she treated them well while the other daughters treated them badly. They were not

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[15] This version is shorter than Kroeber, 1907, pp. 82-90, No. 20. See our footnote 14.

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afraid to tell her the truth, so they said to her: "It is a boy. But tell your husband it is a girl" This they did so the son-in-law would not kill the boy. The daughter did as she was told and her husband said: "All right. We will treat your parents a little better. Take these scraps of meat over to your mother so she will have milk for the baby." 539 793

After the boy was a few days old and all cleaned up he spoke to the old man: "Swing me four places inside this lodge, going clockwise, once first at the left of the door, then twice straight back from the door, then once at the right of the door." When he was swung the first time he was already getting sense. At the second swing, the boy smiled and laughed. At the third, he acted as if he wanted to jump out of the swing. At the fourth he actually did jump out of it. Then he said to the old man: "My father, make me a bow and four arrows. Make the bow from the last rib of the buffalo and the arrows with tendons from the back of the buffalo."

The old man then made the bows and arrows as he was told. The boy asked him: "What usually happens when your son-in-law goes hunting?" "Sometimes," the old man said, "he comes back to camp and leaves me out there where he made his kill, to skin and cut the meat ready for packing. Then his wives come for the meat." "When the next time comes," said the boy, "I will go along but don't tell your son-in-law that I have gone along or that I am around. Just do as you always do."

When time to hunt came again, the son-in-law said to the old man: "Get ready. I am going hunting." The old man got ready. The boy followed behind them staying in the background and hoping that the son-in-law would go away for his wives and leave the old man to do the skinning. The son-in-law killed the buffalo and the old man went over to him. "Butcher the buffalo," said the son-in-law. "I am going back to camp and send my wives to help carry the meat."

After the son-in law had gotten out of sight the boy came from hiding and went to where the old man was still butchering. By the time the boy got there, practically all the butchering was done except cutting the ribs off the backbone. "Stop butchering," said the boy, "and listen to me carefully. When the son-in-law comes back, take the kidney of the buffalo and hold it in your hand and face him. When he comes near enough to see what you have in your hand and what you are going to do, take a bite out of the kidney." "I dare not do that," said the old man. "He will kill me." "No," said the boy. "You must do as I tell you." While the boy was insisting and the old man was protesting, the son-in-law with his wives got back. The boy then hid behind the buffalo's ribs which were still on the carcass and said to the old man: "Stand at attention and do what I said." In great fear, thinking he would be killed, the old man took the buffalo kidney in his hand and faced his son-in-law. "If you don't do as I say," said the boy, "I will kill you." When the son-in-law was close enough to see clearly, the old man took a bite out of the kidney. "Put down what you are biting" said the son-in-law in a rage. This, he said once, twice, three times and after the third added:

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"I will tell you only once more. That will be the last time. If after that you still bite the kidney, I will manhandle you." After each warning, the son-in-law said, "Drop that," at the same time making a gesture with his right arm from up to his right, down to his left. As he said and did this for the fourth time, his right arm dropped off. So he tried to finish the sign with his left arm and it too dropped off.

Then the boy came out from hiding and took over the situation and said to the son-in-law: "Is that the way you have been treating this old man and his wife? Your hour has arrived. You are going to die." The son-in-law tried to run away but the boy put an arrow through him and also killed two of the man's wives. Then the old man and the boy went back to camp and on the way back the boy said to him: "Which of your four daughters pities you? Are they all on the side of your son-in-law or has any one of them shown affection for you?" "Yes," said the old man, "the youngest one is good to me." When they got back to camp the boy killed the next to youngest wife of the son-in-law. The youngest then started to run away but the boy said to her: "Don't run. I won't kill you." Then the old man, his wife, the boy and the youngest daughter took possession of all the meat in the camp and ate plenty.

Blood-Clot went to four big camps. There was always something dangerous on the road and when he got to camp something else to overcome. As Blood-Clot left the third camp the people said: "Don't go any further. At the next camp is the greatest of all dangers. If you insist and get there, you will be in extreme danger because there is a man there with a number of daughters and when a stranger comes he offers his daughters in marriage to the stranger. You can't get out of it. After you become his son-in-law he will send you after water saying, 'Go to a certain mountain for water,' but that is just to lure you to the place where his pet water monster will eat you. If by any chance you escape the water monster and get back to camp then he will send you after feathers saying, 'Go to a certain mountain top and get feathers off young birds up there and bring the feathers home as I want to use them for my arrows.' That is the supreme test because that is where Bha'a lives. Be very, very careful. We are not telling you this just for fun."

When Blood-Clot left the third camp he went on his way to the fourth. On arrival the man with the several daughters offered them to Blood-Clot as wives and Blood-Clot married all of them. Blood-Clot was well treated there and happy. One day his wives said to him: "Our father wants you to get water at a certain spring at the foot of this mountain." "Yes," said Blood-Clot, "I will fetch it." So he went. Being forewarned he went cautiously. When he got to a bit of rising ground he saw from there a body of water and a water monster half out of the water facing his trail. As soon as the water monster saw Blood-Clot the water monster opened his mouth and Blood-Clot felt that he was being pulled in from the suction. But he jerked out an arrow, mounted it and shot it his hardest into the water

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monster's mouth. The water monster in its death struggle churned up the water and then lay still, dead. 539 773

Blood-Clot opened up the water monster and found a lot of human bones inside—some of the bones without any flesh on them, some with the flesh on them and the skeleton still together. Blood-Clot pulled all the bones out of the water monster's stomach and said to them: "You are not children. Get up and go back where you belong." All of them got up alive and went off. Blood-Clot then got the water he went after and came back and said to his wives: "Here is the water. I killed a water monster over there." When they told the father this he said: "My son-in-law has killed my pet and my power." (Not a power gotten through sleeping; it was the father who controlled the water monster and made him act the way he did.)

After this the man sent his daughters to tell Blood-Clot: "Go after feathers on the top of a certain high mountain a good way from camp." When his wives gave this message to Blood-Clot he said to them: "Yes, I'll go." He got ready and very early in the morning he went off taking his bow and arrows with him.

When he got to the mountain he climbed and climbed and climbed and finally got to the top of it and here he found a large nest with two big, young birds in it. Blood-Clot said to himself: "These must be the young thunders." He looked them over good. They had many feathers. He lifted up the wing of one of them and he heard a rumbling, so he dropped it and the noise stopped. Blood-Clot asked the birds: "Where are your father and mother?" The birds answered: "They are off way up somewhere in the air." "When," asked Blood-Clot, "do your father and mother come back to your nest?" "Usually," they replied, "in the evening toward sundown." "Is there any particular sign announcing the approach of your father and mother and any different sign for one or the other?" "Yes," said the birds, "there is." "What is the sign," asked Blood-Clot, "if your father is coming back to the nest?" "A dark, heavy cloud toward the sunset [west]." "What," asked Blood-Clot, "is the sign when it is your mother coming back?" "Clouds in the west," said the birds, "but white clouds." So Blood-Clot got this information from the birds.

The birds then said to him: "Our father and mother are both powerful. You better not stay here. You better escape. If they find you here they will kill you as they have always done to anybody they find at this nest." "All right," said Blood-Clot, "but don't tell your father and mother I came here." They promised not to give Blood-Clot away and promised that "by the love of our mother." So Blood-Clot crawled into a nearby cave.

After a bit a white cloud appeared in the distance, got to the spot on the mountain close to the cave, and the mother herself arrived. "Has anyone," she asked the young birds, "come here while I have been away?" "No," said they. "No one has come." "It smells like human here," said the mother. "Some human must have been here." "No," said the young birds. "We saw no human." Blood-Clot heard them talking and while they were still talking

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539 773 he came out of the cave. As soon as the mother saw Blood-Clot she took wing and sailed into the air. There was a blinding flash of lightning and this was the last thing that Blood-Clot remembered. When he came to he found himself at the base of the mountain with his hair all singed up. He then collected himself and went back up to the top of the mountain. All this,—the flash of lightning, the becoming unconscious, finding himself at the base of the mountain, climbing it again,—took place four different times. The last time that Blood-Clot climbed the mountain he twisted the beaks of the young birds and taunted them with the words: "Tell your mother about this."

The next time, however, a big, black cloud appeared and came to the mountain. The father of the birds came. So soon as the father saw Blood-Clot there was a flash of lightning but after it Blood-Clot still stood there and said to the father: "You can't do anything with me. You can't kill me. You better leave me alone. It is useless for you to shoot at me. I will show you how powerful I am."

So Blood-Clot took an arrow and mounted it and shot at a big, flat stone on top of the mountain. The arrow pierced the stone and was buried in it, all but a bit of it that stuck out. "Look at that arrow there," said Blood-Clot to the father bird. "If you can pull it out from that rock then you can do something to me that will harm me. If you can't pull it out then it is useless for you, as I told you, to try to harm me." "All right," said the father. "I can do that. That is easy." So the bird sailed up in the air. As he did so, a flash of lightning struck at this rock. Then he tried to get hold of the arrow and pull it out. He took hold and flew up to pull it out and the arrow stretched and as it contracted it pulled the bird back as the father was caught fast by it.[14] Blood-Clot saw that the bills and feet of the father thunderbird and the other thunderbirds were of buffalo neck tendon. Thus Blood-Clot trapped the father. But he released the father saying to him: "Here is how powerful I am." And with that he pulled the arrow out with ease. Then he said to the bird: "Leave me alone. You can't do anything with me."

After that he came down from the mountain, went back home and told his wives what had happened. "No wonder," he said, "your father kills off the young men as he does. Tell your father that those birds up there could not do anything with me. You probably heard the thunder and lightning and disturbance up there while I was away. The birds were trying to kill me but they did not succeed." The girls then went back and told their father.

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237 283 [14] Blood-Clot's arrow, The Boy explained, was made of buffalo tendon from the upper neck of the animal—the tendon that holds the neck to the body. This is very tough and stretches like rubber when it is taken out. This tendon had many uses, for instance, for mending the broken handle of a knife. When it was wrapped around anything it was stretched as much as possible and when it dried it held very tightly. The travois basket was tied on with the same tendon.

3: Cooper E-5 (1938-1940) 1957
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After a while Blood-Clot took his bow and arrow and went into his father-in-law's lodge and said to him: "What you have been doing you will do no more. I am going to kill you." So Blood-Clot shot his arrows into his father-in-law and killed him. 539 773

Thus it is that Bha'a was known to be a bird. He and Blood-Clot fought but neither killed the other. Blood-Clot destroyed other evil things but Bha'a was a little too much for him to destroy. This Bha'a is the same who was associated with the Feathered Pipe.

4: Flannery & Cooper E-5 (1939-1945) 1946
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Gambling power was of a lower order of dignity and solemnity than power obtained by fasting on the mountains and hill tops. It was taken less seriously, more lightly, and, if we may judge from attitudes today, with an undercurrent of amused jocoseness. It was not, as was power gotten on mountains, transferrable by the original possessor to another, or at least it was not transferred. For one reason others did not usually want it, on account of the ailments and shortened life its possession entailed. A man who was known to have such power was further handicapped: his fellow tribesmen would not ordinarily gamble against him and so his opportunities for participation were few, being limited mostly to games played by the Gros Ventre with other tribes. In such intertribal games, however, he would become a popular champion, and would derive therefrom a certain prestige as well as material gains. The possession then of gambling power, while to a certain limited extent an asset to its owner, was in more respects than one a decided liability.

It may be added here that while those who possessed supernatural gambling power are spoken of today by English-speaking Gros Ventre as "professional gamblers," in reality there were no professional gamblers among the Gros Ventre even in the old days, professional, that is, in the sense of making their living or most of their living at gambling.

The following three narratives, related by The Boy, illustrate various aspects of gambling power.

Narrative 1. Lone Bear, The Boy's wife's father, had gambling power. While he was still in his prime, his legs started hurting him. To escape the penalty he quit gambling. But in vain. His legs went bad, and he died before his time.

Narrative 2. When Lame Bull, The Boy's father, was a young boy about ten years of age he had a friend of about the same age, called Keg, to whom he was much attached. Keg, like other boys of his age, had the daily chore of rising long before daylight and driving out the family horses away from camp to graze. One morning he was awakened very early and was told to drive the horses out. He did so, but when he got out to the grazing ground he decided to steal a few winks lying face down. So he fell asleep, and all at once he started to dream. He dreamed that he saw a big hand game going on with high stakes and one fellow winning everything. Keg looked at this fellow closely and saw it was he, Keg, himself. This man spoke to Keg saying: "Do as you see me doing here. Use my throat as an object [button] to hide."

Then Keg woke up and looked around, and there right near where he lay he saw a covey of prairie chickens doing their mating dance and making a whirring noise with their tails. When he got back he said to Lame Bull: "Let's play and see whether what I dreamed is true. I'll put my helper to the test." Lame Bull tried to guess Keg, but Keg would make a noise like a prairie chicken and thereupon

4: Flannery & Cooper E-5 (1939-1945) 1946
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525 would switch the button to the other hand without Lame Bull perceiving it, and
789 Lame Bull could not guess him.

So as the two grew up, Lame Bull always bet when Keg was playing and won
539 a lot of stuff that way. Keg started gambling from his boyhood and always had luck. After he grew up, however, he did not have many chances to play, because everybody, knowing his power, shied away from gambling against him. But when he did play, he would win. When he was resorting to his power in a game, he would imitate the hissing, swishing noise made by the prairie chickens when they ruffle their tail feathers. The prairie chicken had also given Keg its windpipe to use (apparently as a button) in the hand game, and for it Keg used a little metal spring resembling the windpipe.

525 *Narrative 3.* During the lifetime of Red Whip (d. 1912), the Gros Ventre on
789 one occasion, about 1873-75, met the Flathead where Lewistown (Montana) now is
539 and camped close together. The latter asked the former to gamble at the hand
648 game. So when night came, they all assembled in a big lodge. The Flathead had a great gambler, nicknamed Crazy Child, who had gambling power and had never been beaten by anyone on the west side of the Rockies. Outside the lodge the young men of both tribes were visiting in a friendly fashion together, and the Flathead young men told the Gros Ventre young men: "Don't get into that game. Our man cannot be beaten," and some of the latter on that account refrained from betting. But the Gros Ventre had a man of their own, Red Whip, who had gambling power from a ghost, greater gambling power than Crazy Child had.

So the hand game started, with big stakes wagered on both sides. Neither champion showed his prowess right away; they just let themselves run along easily for a while. At last Red Whip decided to cut loose: "This Flathead makes me mad. He has hand game power. So I'll have to use mine. Give me a piece of weasel skin and I'll stop his power." They gave him a piece and he rubbed off a small bit of it and put it on the ground and knelt on it with one knee.

Crazy Child, whose hand-game helper was the owl, used every trick his helper had taught him, to hide the button and battle Red Whip, but to no avail, for Red Whip's ghost helper was more powerful than Crazy Child's owl helper. Then Red Whip, when his turn came to hide, said to the Gros Ventre, "I have this Flathead beaten and I know his helper, the owl, has abandoned him; so sing good and loud and beat time fast and lively," and to the Flathead, "Watch closely, and I will let you hunt for the button after I have hidden it." Red Whip then put on a big show, exhibited the button to the Flathead, threw it into the air, and told him to look for it. Crazy Child hooted like an owl and did all sorts of other things like an owl, but finally gave up: "I can't find the button," at which the Gros Ventre cheered uproariously. Then Red Whip got up, showed the Flathead the button, which was embedded in the lodge pole to the left of the door as you go out, and asked him to pull it out. Crazy Child tried to pull it out but failed, but Red Whip pulled it out easily, and said to Crazy Child: "You are nothing. You are just a little fellow. You don't amount to much. I didn't have to try hard to beat you. But I just wanted to show you this."

This great game lasted one whole night; daylight was breaking when the two

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men called on their helpers. The Gros Ventres won many things of value: many best horses, guns, and clothes; and no Gros Ventre ever gambled against Red Whip after that.

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Men, women, and children could participate in a hand game played by men. All, with an exception or two to be noted, could bet thereon, and men and women could bet on both sides. In a game where the men were players, the women would be present and would join in the singing as well as in the betting, but they could not be guessers, hiders, or tally keepers; only men could be such. Women, however, could so function in hand games among themselves.

Actual participation in hand game gambling was high. One of our women informants, Mrs Warrior, never went in for betting, she emphasized; but she seems to have been rather exceptional in this regard. Our other woman informant on gambling, Mrs Sleeping Bear, was much devoted to gambling, for relatively small stakes. Nearly every one, so far as we could make out from our evidence, seems to have gambled, either frequently and habitually or at least from time to time.

Participation, however, followed a well-defined and established pattern as regards who could or should bet with or against whom and for what kind of stakes. For convenience we are calling this the "bettor-wager pattern."

Some persons or classes of persons could not gamble at all or could not gamble against certain others; others could or would gamble against certain others only for refreshments or a meal; others, for small stakes of little value; others still, for big stakes. The Gros Ventre bettor-wager pattern at first glimpse looks complicated, but actually it conforms to a few very simple principles. We shall look first at the pattern itself; afterwards at the principles.

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Blood relatives could not gamble against each other either for large or for small stakes. Such blood relatives included parents and children, grandparents and grandchildren, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces, and also all classificatory relatives of the same categories. At most a group of blood relatives might engage in a hand game with the half-serious half-playful agreement that the losing side would "cook" for the winning side. A given gambling team would commonly be composed chiefly of members who were kin to one another, but non-relatives could also be on the team; the opposing team would likewise be commonly composed chiefly of another kinship group. Where blood relatives gambled in the same game for small or large stakes, they always gambled and bet, not against one another, but on the same side, and in wagering they bet on and backed their own kinsman or kinsmen, wagering dyadically against fellow tribesmen or aliens not related to them.

5: Flannery E-5 (1940)1944
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group was more or less permanently encamped. It was told by Mrs. Warrior, now a very old woman, as one of her childhood memories and was not elicited by questioning. 787 [24]

"Many, many years ago when I was a small girl, my father had gone on the warpath with several other men. When winter came they hadn't returned. So my uncle (mother's brother) went to an old woman, Good Singer, who was known to be a spiritualist, although she was famous for other medicine powers as well. She consented and the seance was held in the lodge. My sister and I and our aunts and relatives were all there. 787 539

"A curtain was hung across the back part of the lodge and Good Singer was bound with ropes tightly knotted, then wrapped in a blanket so that only her head stuck out. She was behind the curtain and began to sing a certain song. She told us all to sing that song four times. I joined in the singing. When we finished we heard a humming sound and scraping and all kinds of noise through the opening at the top of the lodge. The top of the lodge began to shake and all at once we heard something slide from the top down behind the curtain where the old woman was, and land with a thump. That was her spirit, that is, the spirit of her son who had died long, long before.

"As soon as they heard the thump my uncle said: 'Here is the offering,' as he handed behind the curtain the pot containing a pup they had killed and cooked. We could hear the dishes rattling as the spirit ate. Soon all of the bones were picked clean and the spirit tossed them over the curtain so that they landed in our midst. The spirit then complained that they had tied his mother so tightly, and as he untied her we could hear the sound of the ropes as he worked at them. Then the ropes too came sailing over the top of the curtain. They were all knotted up in one bunch, and, try as they would, they couldn't unravel it.

"The spirit then complained again: 'Why did you tie my mother up so tightly?' and then asked: 'What did you call me for?' My uncle said: 'Well, I called you because these men went out on a war party and some, including Holy Weasel, didn't return. I want to know where they are and what became of them.' Then my uncle lighted a pipe and put it under the cur-

5: Flannery E-5 (1940)1944
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787 tain. When the spirit finished smoking he put the pipe outside
539 the curtain and my uncle said: 'Well, I want you to hunt my brother-in-law to see where he is or what became of him.' Immediately the spirit made a noise and we could hear it going out of the top of the lodge which shook violently again. The people all sat quietly smoking and listening. Then old Good Singer called from behind the curtain: 'Sing again four times.' So they began to sing and I joined in. After the fourth repetition the spirit came back in the same way as it entered the first time, dropping down behind the curtain and landing with a thump. Every time the spirit goes in or out the top of the lodge shakes. Then the spirit made the exclamation which the Gros Ventres use to indicate that something terrible has happened, and continued: 'You should have told him [Holy Weasel] to stay at home. He and his party were killed. They were raiding the enemy and came across some Piegan. The latter made believe they were meeting the Gros Ventre in a friendly way, but when they got close they killed all the party except one who escaped.'

"Just before the spirit made this last speech, two little boys in the lodge had been playing during that ceremony and the spirit told them: 'Be quiet because I am going to tell you what happened.' And before they knew what happened to them these two little boys landed outside the lodge. The spirit must have pushed them out! And everybody was certainly quiet after that."

/ The second account will illustrate some differences in procedure when a spiritualist was consulted while a party was on
[115] the move and on the look-out for enemies. It was told to me by another old woman informant, Singer Sleeping Bear, incidentally to a long story of one of the journeys made by members of her father's group when she was a small girl.

"The party got as far as Canada and stayed all night. One of the men filled his pipe and took it over to another man, Rising Cross, and said: 'Now here. I am giving you the pipe. I want you to invite your spirit. I want you to ask your spirit if the road is clear (that is, if there is no enemy in sight).' Rising Cross took the pipe and prayed a few moments. The other men

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made a small rounded lodge of willows, just like a sweat lodge. 787
A few of them went in there with the spiritualist who just sat 539
there with them as one of the group. He did, however, smoke the pipe and sing his song. Finally this little lodge shook so hard it almost fell over. It was like a terrible wind. Then a voice said: 'Yes, yes, what do you want?' Rising Cross said: 'Well, we want to know if the way is clear. We are looking for the enemy. How will the way be near where they are?' So the spirit said: 'Well, if you do as I say you are going to kill the chief (the father of a captive Piegan who had married among the Gros Ventres). Go up over the hill and you will see the plain just covered with lodges. If you don't turn back immediately after you kill that one man, you are going to have bad luck.'

"So the young fellows jumped on their fastest horses and went off. They found the situation as described by the spirit. The man whom the spirit mentioned was riding up the trail along the coulee accompanied only by a woman on horseback. When these two had gotten some distance from the lodges in the plain, the young Gros Ventre took after them and killed the man, but the woman wheeled her horse and sped back to the camp to give the alarm. The Gros Ventres said to one another: 'Now you know what the spirit told us. It told us to run just as soon as we killed him.' And the majority was in favor, but one man was obstinate. While they were arguing the enemies approached and were able to overtake most of them. Only a few escaped. It is always someone who doesn't believe the spirit who ruins the party."

That there might occasionally have been some room for 787
doubting the validity of the information received through a par- [15]
ticular spirit is suggested by a comment made by another informant, Al Chandler, a middle-aged man. He had mentioned an old woman spiritualist, David Man's grandmother, and said that she was honest about it and her spirit could be depended upon for the truth. He added, however: "But a man I knew used to hold seances and had his own brother as his spirit. This spirit always lied. When this brother was living he was a liar, so you couldn't expect his spirit to tell the truth!"

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791 787 776 from behind the blanketed enclosure, the fire would be re-lighted, the performer would say the prayer customary among the Gros [782] Ventres before all meals to the Supreme Being and other beings, then he or she and the others present would eat the food that had remained from the ghost's repast. Finally they would all sit around smoking and chatting a while before dispersing. I failed to gather any information on whether the performer receives any payment or not for his or her services in the rite.

Certain simplifications of the above procedure under emergency conditions as on war expeditions are noted or intimated in a couple of the following four narratives, the first two given by The Boy, the last two by Thick.

Narrative 1

787 776 539 The following story was told by The Boy.

"A certain man had his deceased father as his ghost helper. The ghost helper used to speak Gros Ventre just like living people but in a bass voice. Everybody understood him when they heard him.

"On one occasion the Gros Ventre tribe were camped near the forks of the Teton and Marias Rivers. While there a large group of the men decided to go on the warpath. So they left the main camp, went up the Missouri River and camped that first night at the mouth of Crow Creek where it empties into the Missouri River. When it was dark that night some of the men said: 'Let's offer the pipe to X [the one mentioned above who had the ghost helper; name not given] and ask him to find out whether our prospects on this war party are good or bad.' So they filled up a pipe and went to X, held out the pipe to him and asked him: 'Accept the pipe and call your spirit.'

[791] "X accepted willingly and soon after they had smoked the pipe together they made a shelter where X was to do the spirit-rite. So they tied up X, filled the pipe again, put it there and sang a song four times. When they were singing it the fourth time they heard a voice in the air. The ghost helper arrived and the shelter shook as a lodge would have done in the same rite. When the spirit hit the ground, the ground shook too. The spirit

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seemed excited and kept repeating: 'What do you want, my children?' and added: 'If you were in my place and were as old and feeble as I am, you wouldn't like to be disturbed. But here I am. What do you want?' They answered: 'We want to know how this venture of ours is going to turn out,—well or badly.' Then they lit the pipe and offered it to the spirit and they could see from the rhythmic glaring of the pipe that the ghost helper was smoking. After he had smoked he replied: 'Well, I don't know offhand. I'll have to look around and investigate. I am going away to look around. While I am gone you smoke and after a while sing again and I'll come back.' The ghost helper went away with a noise and commotion as always.

"They sat around and smoked and after a while sang again. The ghost helper came back blowing as if catching his breath, as an old man does, and said: 'My children, Crow Indians without number are invading the camp you just left. Knowing you men are away they are so bold that they are peeping into the lodges at your women and watching them playing the hand game. Your women are in happy mood. These Crow Indians seem to be preparing to take all the Gros Ventre horses. I shall go back and watch to see what they will do. Meanwhile you do as you did before: sit around and smoke and then sing. I'll come back and make a final report.' And so they talked and smoked and sang.

"Then the ghost helper came back bringing with him one hair from the head of a Crow. This was not a scalp but was only a hair representing a scalp and was wrapped around a piece of sagebrush. It was brought to convince the Gros Ventres there was no danger. Then the ghost helper reported: 'The Crows have taken practically all your horses and about sun-up will arrive where you now are. You need have no fear of the Crows provided you do just one thing. Be sure to kill the Crow with the blue blanket coat (with hood). He is the one brave man in the crowd. Kill him first and you will kill all the others. None of the Gros Ventres will be actually killed, but two of them will be wounded. In case you do not kill the Crow with the blue coat the outcome of the battle will be doubtful. But if you kill the

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787 776 539 Crow with the blue coat you will kill all the Crows and get your horses back.' The Gros Ventres asked the ghost helper which two of their party would be wounded, but were not told by the ghost helper. If they had been told they would not have let these two go into battle.

"By the time they were through with the spirit it was near daylight. So they decided not to go to sleep but to wait up the rest of the night. [Here followed a long detailed description of the battle with the Crows beginning around daylight.] The Crow with the blue coat escaped. Of the sixty Crows in all, forty were killed. No Gros Ventres were killed, but two were wounded—two members of my own [The Boy's] clan. While the party was still at the war camp, some distance from the main camp, the ghost helper came and said: 'I came to hear the news. Did you kill the man with the blue coat?' They answered: 'No.' The ghost helper said: 'It is your own fault. If you had, you would have killed all the Crows. But anyhow you did well and have done yourselves credit. I am going to teach [727] you a victory song so you can sing it when you get back to camp.' So he taught them this victory song[2] and they learned it and he said to them: 'Well, my children, I am going home. When I get back to my place of abode I will celebrate that victory too. I will give you charcoal [it was the custom for returning victors to paint themselves black] and I'll bring charcoal to my own land and celebrate.'

"The foregoing incident happened in the time of my [The Boy's] grandfather, Crow Moccasin."

Narrative 2

The story which here follows was also told by The Boy.

"The Gros Ventres were camped east of (the site of) Lewistown (south of the Missouri River). A party of Gros Ventre warriors left the camp to go on the warpath against the Sioux. One of this Gros Ventre party was known to have a ghost helper.

[2] This song as sung by The Boy was recorded in the field in 1940, together with about 120 other Gros Ventre songs, but I have not found it possible, as yet, to get any of the records transcribed for publication.

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The party traveled north and when they arrived at the river they camped there. Some of the men said: 'Morning-star-appears (or Morning-star-is-up: the man with the ghost helper) should be approached to find out what our prospects are on this expedition.' It was agreed among themselves that they would make a sweat lodge.

"Among those invited to sweat was Morning-star-appears. While they were sweating they offered the pipe to him to get him to call his helper. He agreed. Then they all smoked and got ready in the sweat lodge.

"The ghost helper came to the sweat lodge for the possessor was right there. Just before the helper alighted he whistled violently and rapidly. Then the sweat lodge shook and they heard the ghost helper say: 'What do you want? Why did you call me?' They said: 'We are going on the warpath after the Sioux. What success will we have? Is there any danger?' So they offered the lighted pipe to the ghost helper and saw it smoked by him. After smoking, the ghost helper said: 'I'll go and see first before I answer. You go ahead and smoke and after a while sing again.' This they did.

"The ghost helper came back in the usual way, and highly elated, and said: 'All right. I am ready to tell you. First here is a strand of hair of a man (a Sioux) whom you will kill tomorrow. This represents his scalp.' It was wrapped around sagebrush. He continued: 'I have found a big Sioux camp on Beaver Creek [east of the Little Rocky Mountains]. The Sioux are having a big Grass Dance. The one who is having the most fun is the one you are to kill tomorrow. He is a handsome man and has a sword. You will capture that sword when you kill him. Don't be afraid. No Gros Ventre will be killed but two of you Gros Ventres don't look good to me.' They said to the ghost helper: 'Name the two.' But he refused to do so, saying: 'Just don't be afraid. Go ahead to the place where the Sioux are and attack them. Choose now what kind of weather you wish after the fight tomorrow, and I will see that the weather will be that way.' They failed, however, to make a choice. The ghost helper also said: 'Every once in a while tomorrow take

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787 a look at the sun. There will be all kinds of sundogs tomorrow,
776 changing every little while. When they appear you will know
539 that I have told you the truth.'

"Then the ghost helper left and the Gros Ventres slept until early morning. [Here followed a long description by The Boy of the battle.] Just one Sioux was killed in the battle, a very handsome man with a sword, as the ghost helper had predicted. Likewise they saw the sundogs changing. The Gros Ventres, however, after this first skirmish realized that the Sioux would soon get reorganized and that their own situation was perilous. So they called on Morning-star-appears to cause such weather that the Sioux could not catch them. He sang his song, using his robe as a cover in which to enclose himself, and said: 'We wish rain.' At once a cloud appeared and in a short time grew into a great black storm cloud; then came a perfect cloudburst, with thunder and lightning, in which you couldn't see any distance. Under this cover the Gros Ventres escaped from the pursuing Sioux and got back to camp safely with no loss of life, although two of their number had had narrow escapes, just as the ghost helper had said: 'Two of you do not look good to me.'

"The above occurred in Stiff Arm's time, when he was a young man. The man who killed the Sioux was Crazy Bull. I do not recall the name of the ghost helper, but this same ghost helper on this occasion taught the Gros Ventres a song to use in their celebration after the victory."[3]

Narrative 3

787 The following two stories were told me by Thick.
539 "A certain old woman (her great-great-grandchild is still living) had a ghost helper. Her name was 'Woman' but for various reasons she was nicknamed 'Bear Old Woman.' When I was about ten years old a party of Gros Ventres was camped at Lodge Pole, about two miles from the Little Rocky Mountains. One night Cree enemies came and stole all the Gros

[3] This song as sung by The Boy was recorded in 1940.

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Ventres' horses except those belonging to one man. This man loaned out his horses as far as they would go around to four of the Gros Ventres who went in pursuit of the Cree.

"Then that evening two of the other men, one of them my father, approached Bear Old Woman. They filled up a pipe just as you do when you go to someone to doctor you, offered it to the old woman, and asked her to find out from her ghost helper who stole the horses and where they were. Bear Old Woman, who had quite a temper, got angry right away as usual and pushed the pipe away as a sign of refusal. Finally one of the young fellows there, a relative of hers, said: 'Well, let me smoke it,' to force her to accept. She angrily grabbed the pipe and had to go through with the rite. When she took the pipe she rubbed her hands on the ground and rubbed dust on the pipe and offered a prayer before smoking. The pipe was then smoked by her and by the two men who had approached her.

"Then they began to get things ready. They killed a puppy, singed its hair off at a fire, took its insides out without skinning, quartered it up and boiled it. They put the boiled meat on a plate and got ready some other kinds of food to give to the old woman. Then the two men filled up a pipe and they together with two other men and with a 'servant' went to Bear Old Woman's lodge. On arriving there they set down the plate of dog meat near the head of her bed, the pipe between the incense hearth and the lodge fire, and the other dishes between the lodge fire and the door.

"When everything was arranged and Bear Old Woman was still sitting on her bed, she said: 'Whoever is the greatest unbeliever among you, come and tie me up.' One of the four volunteered. Then the old woman got up and went to a place just south of the head of the bed, to a little enclosure made by hanging up a blanket. He hobbled her four fingers (thumb too?) with sinew, interlacing it in and out of the four fingers of each hand. Then he tied her hands together behind her back and also hobbled her feet. She was lying on a robe. He gathered the robe around her and tied her with rawhide thongs until only her head stuck out of the robe. And so he left her lying on her

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787 back. He returned to his place to the southeast of the old
539 woman and sat down.
791 "Then Bear Old Woman said: 'All right. Start to sing now.' They sang four times without stopping, the song belonging to the old woman's ghost helper. As they were singing the third time they heard an owl and the old woman said: 'Don't receive *that* spirit. He is bad. Continue singing.' So they continued and just as they finished the fourth time the old woman said: 'That is the one. Receive *that* spirit.' The people around heard these two owls.

787 "When the second owl lighted on top of the lodge, the top
539 shook and the ghost helper spoke: 'What do you want me for?'
776 They said: 'We want you to tell us where our horses are and who has them so we can find them.' The ghost helper answered: 'All right. I'll have to go look for them, but you go ahead and smoke this pipe [the one lying near the incense hearth]. When you have smoked up what is in the pipe, refill it and put it back in the same place and wait.'

"They had barely started smoking when the ghost helper was back again. So they just dumped out what was left in the pipe and refilled it. The helper said: 'Never mind. I am hungry and want to eat.' But they didn't mind. The spirit then said: 'Your horses are not very far away from here. Your four friends have already recaptured your horses and are bringing them back.' He also said to my father: 'One of your horses has a thick broad rawhide rope around his neck and is dragging it, and that other man's mare's colt will play out on the trip back home.'

"After the helper had said all this, the four men judged that he was through, so they took the pipe and lit it and offered the helper a smoke. The inside of the old woman's lodge was dark as there was no fire. The helper took the pipe from their hands and then they saw it light up rhythmically as a pipe does when it is puffed, and after taking a few puffs the helper said to the men: 'You smoke the rest. I am hungry and want to eat.' They could hear him chewing on the dog meat inside where the woman was. After a while the helper said to the men: 'Here.

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You can eat the rest of this pup.' The meat had been eaten off of one hind leg of the pup so that just the bones were left. Then the ghost helper said: 'I see this foolish old woman lying here helpless.' Then they heard a noise as if the helper had struck the old woman with the flat of his hand and he was heard blowing. The next instant the ghost helper said: 'Here, try to untie this,' and the knotted sinew and rawhide thong hit the chest of the man who had tied her up. 787 539 776

"Then they heard the old woman give a long sigh. She had been in a trance all this time and was just coming out of it. Next the ghost helper said: 'Now I am going to leave you.' And they heard the same racket at the top of the lodge they had heard when he first came in and there was a violent shaking of the whole lodge, especially at the top of it. [791]

"After the ghost helper was gone they kindled the fire again and there was light. Bear Old Woman came out of the enclosure and sat down on the bed and prayed with the bowls of food in her hand. Then she and the men ate and afterwards sat around and smoked and chatted. Then the men went home and told what the spirit had said. [791]

"Next morning all the people in the camp, including the children, got up early and went up on the highest nearby ground to look for the four men coming back with the horses. Towards evening of the day the four Gros Ventres who had gone in pursuit of the thieves brought all the horses back, except the one which, as the spirit had said, had played out and could not stand the trip back. And one of my father's horses had a rope around its neck as the ghost helper had said it had. The pursuers had caught up with the Cree and surprised them asleep in a little swamp covered with grass and brush and so took the horses back home. On the return trip they got lost in a bad storm, went in the wrong direction and not until daylight did they discover their mistake and so had to circle their way back. They had neither eaten nor slept during all the two days and night they had been gone. 787 539

"The above incident occurred just at about the time when the buffalo disappeared from this part of the country [1880's]."

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NARRATIVE 4

787 Here is the second story told me by Thick.

539 "There was a man by the name of Bird Child who had a ghost
791 helper. Bird Child's wife had four brothers, one of them my father. One evening they filled a pipe and went to Bird Child's lodge to get him to find out from his ghost helper where there would be lots of buffalo and no danger, so they could go there and hunt. When they arrived at Bird Child's lodge they found him absent and only his wife in the lodge. Without invitation they made themselves at home and asked their sister where Bird Child was. She answered: 'I don't know where he is nor when he will be back.'

787 "Being Bird Child's brothers-in-law they decided to take the
776 liberty of using Bird Child's power and ghost helper, and of hav-
539 ing a seance in his absence. They asked their sister where Bird
[607] Child's bundle was. She showed them. One of the four brothers took it down. They then agreed who was to be tied up and to represent Bird Child. The one of the four designated agreed. They had him lie down and two of them tied him up tight and laid him in an enclosure made along the side of the tent [as in preceding story]. They were half-fooling, not quite serious. Their sister couldn't say anything: they imposed on her. They even attached the man's hair to the ropes with which they bound him in the robe until only his mouth was visible.

"Then they started to sing and sang the same song four times without stopping. At the end they heard yelling in the air and said: 'There he is. He has come for us.' As the ghost helper arrived the tent shook and the helper said: 'Who's that lying back there?' and answered himself: 'Some crazy man or someone with no regard for anybody's rights.' Then they heard a commotion behind the enclosure. The bound brother started to hollow for mercy. Next one of the brothers who had done the tying got hit with all the ropes tangled in a knot.

"Then they heard the bound man being thrown towards the door, and saying: 'Hurry up and make a light before this ghost helper kills me.' The spirit had picked him up and was trying

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to wedge him between the poles in the lodge. By this time, however, the other brothers had kindled a fire and of course as soon as the flame flared up the spirit was gone. The ghost helper was good and mad but anyhow had come."

Blackfoot-Blood Rite

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On a casual visit to Browning, Montana, in August, 1931, the writer was given some information by Mrs. Frances (Joseph) Brown of Browning on the Blackfoot shaking tent rite. The rite is performed by a woman who is a sort of "spiritualist" or "medium," as Mrs. Brown put it. She summons the dead spirits [spirit?] and they come and answer questions. Only she can understand the language of the dead spirits and can converse with them. She tells their answers to the other people who are around. During the rite, people are all around in the tipi. A curtain is put over a part of the interior of the tipi, and the "medium" sits behind the curtain. The lights are extinguished. Food is put on a plate. During the rite noises are heard "inside" [apparently behind the curtain], and everything moves, including the tent itself. It was emphasized to me that this rite is an old Indian one, not a modern intrusion of white spiritualistic seances.

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While talking with The Boy (Gros Ventre) in August 1940 about the Gros Ventre ghost helper complex, he told me the following story that his friend, Platted Hair, a Blood from Canada, had told him on a visit to him some time before:

A long time ago, before the Gros Ventres came and when the Snakes still occupied this part of the country, a large party of Bloods came over toward the Little Rockies and never returned to their home country. Their people at home did not know what to make of it. One of the Bloods in the home camp had a ghost helper. So they gave this Blood a pipe to summon his ghost helper. When the ghost arrived, he asked: "Why did you send for me?" They said: "Our young men went on a war party and did not return. What has happened to them?" The ghost said: "I'll go and see. You may sing the song. I'll come back and I may be able to tell you what has happened." So the